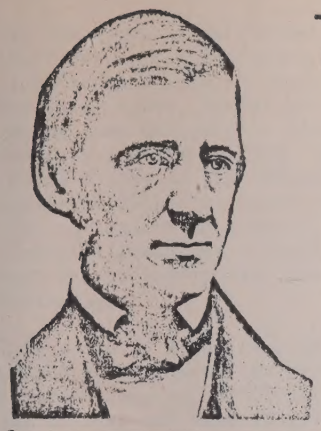

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Emerson and the American Continuity

By Carl F. Strauch
Lehigh University

The critical effort to revaluate both the established literary figures of the nineteenth century and the important recent and contemporary writers has been essentially a search for the intrinsically American aspect of experience. Two world wars have spurred the attempt to establish an American image out of the half dozen or more masterpieces that the nineteenth century has passed on to the twentieth—Walden, The Scarlet Letter, Moby Dick, Leaves of Grass, Huckleberry Finn, a handful of short stories by Hawthorne, Poe, and Melville, several handsful of poems by Emily Dickinson, and the collected expatriate works of Henry James.

After the first war two new critical reputations were established, that of Twain, who always had had an enormous popular following, and that of Emily Dickinson, who had always courted privacy. Melville's reputation was also already in the making; and after the second war, in a vigorously renewed critical effort, Melville and Hawthorne emerged as literary masters.

The two phases of this protracted revaluation may be readily distinguished. In both approach and aim, the earlier generation of interpreters was, on the whole, content each with his single-faceted view of the American literary experience, and, however impressive their talent and insight, they represent only the beginnings of the quest for what Stephen Vincent Benét called "the pure elixir, the American thing." The various approaches through literary history, biography, regionalism, impressionism, the new humanism, and Freudianism may not exhaust their arsenal of instrumentalities; but these critical methods are suggestive enough to call to mind the work of men as widely divergent in their conception of their task as Paul Elmer More, John Macy, Van Wyck Brooks, H. L. Mencken, Henry Seidel Canby, and Ludwig Lewisohn. And I suspect that no one practicing criticism and interpretation today would concede more than that the insight of the older generation certainly is not ours.

The second phase of the critical effort to project an adequate portrayal of America is marked by a profound psychological and aesthetic awareness, exemplified both in notable interpretation of manuscripts and severely close analysis of published works, together with a manipulation of other fields of American studies under a strenuously unified cultural view embracing political and economic history, sociology, philosophy, science, religion, folklore, and the like. The exponents of this unity in variety are, for the most part, products of our Ph.D. system, and although many may not employ all these approaches, no one writes altogether without some regard for the totality. The second critical effort has, apart from

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Our leading article began as a projected review of Frederic Ives Carpenter, Emerson Handbook, N.Y. (Hendricks House, Inc.) 1953. xiv + 268 pp. $4.00. It has developed unexpectedly into a major critical survey of the Emerson field and a prophetic document.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

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THOREAU'S GIFT TO THE M. H. S. IN 1848

its strategy, an additional enormous advantage over the first in the awareness of the link between our chief figures from the more distant past (Hawthorne, Melville, Twain, James) and the chief figures of the recent past and present (Frost, Eliot, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner); for the first time in American literary history the interpreters have at their disposal a critically viable means of measurement in two distinct epochs of superior writing. Paul Elmer More discussed Hawthorne without benefit of Faulkner; Van Wyck Brooks interpreted Mark Twain without benefit of Hemingway.

In spite of a fundamental integrity, the new approach has incurred the risk of pedantry, absurd interpretation, and critically unsound judgments on the achievement and rank of an author. If we have been inclined for some time now to smile at Matthew Arnold's propensity for awarding school prizes to bright boys, we have also had the assurance that, according to his lights, he made an effort to hunt out the brightest boy. From Germany he examined Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine, among others, for this honor, and similarly suggested the Italian Leopardi and the Frenchmen Lamartine, Musset, and Victor Hugo before bestowing the laurels upon his own countryman, Wordsworth. Too often one receives the impression today with the analyst-critics who have been remaking the academic reputations of our older American writers that the search never really got under way. To propose an example, one expert, who has written a brilliant study of Hawthorne, has concluded that Hawthorne is a great writer in "absolute terms" after an exhaustive critical analysis of the tales and novels of one writer--Hawthorne. What are the "absolute terms," and what comparison has the expert in mind when he uses this critical phrase? Tolstoi and Hawthorne? Or even Conrad and Hawthorne? Let us propose a more modest challenge: E. T. A. Hoffmann, in terms of German Romanticism, is a sufficiently remarkable artist to measure Hawthorne against, even though Hawthorne may excel him by virtue of The Scarlet Letter.

One receives the impression, furthermore, that for some specialists all the virtues of literature are comprehended in myth and symbol. It might be refreshing to suggest that Maupassant's Boule de Suif puts most of Hawthorne in the shade. I hasten to add that although research has already demonstrated the extent to which symbolism entered into Emerson's philosophic speculations and although further research will demonstrate the extent to which myth and symbol entered into the very act of creation itself, Emerson will not, by virtue of these discoveries, become the peer of Thomas Carlyle or Matthew Arnold, two authors who are themselves as much out of fashion as Emerson. The true measure of greatness is an undeniably important matter, for all kinds of judgment, including the broadly moral, ought to be involved; but too many analysts judge solely on intensity. Hence, Emily Dickinson is a great poet because she sharply defines the intensest moments of experience. Hemingway is a great master of prose because the terrific pressure of his bare, stripped language compels awareness of the intensest physical pain and the test of character in enduring pain. Similarly with ambiguity, allegory, symbolism, and myth in Hawthorne and Melville. There are other values in these authors, and the analysts have noted them; but it may be plausibly argued that intensity receives a disproportionate share of critical applause. Insofar as this preoccupation dominates, does not Edgar Allan Poe dominate?

Excepting Henry James, practically all the leading American writers of the nineteenth century suffer in comparison with the leading European figures of the same period, for the Americans are, in varying degrees, provincial, whimsical, abstract, slender, attenuated. The provinciality is far from being a simple matter, since it is a compound of many conditions and influences. It derives only in part from the circumstance that Hawthorne, for example, dealt with Salem, whereas Balzac had all Paris. Balzac also dealt with the provinces, and Trollope, who wrote the kind of novels that Hawthorne confessed he most admired, depicted life in a humdrum, stuffy cathedral town. Nor is depth of insight the important thing here. Emerson, Hawthorne, and Melville, each in his own way and with his own proper subject, possessed remarkable insight. The provinciality appears to arise naturally enough out of the kind of interest these authors displayed; it lies in a lack of human texture, a lack of devotion to the phenomenal world of institutions, of men and women for their own sake. And one suspects that what Arnold said of the English Romantics will hold for them--that in spite of extraordinary gifts, they did not grow enough. They did not know enough to produce, all together, more than a one-foot shelf of acknowledged masterpieces.

Can Emerson claim even one inch of that foot? At the moment a far more useful question is whether Emerson does not share with Hawthorne and Melville, let us say, certain fundamental philosophic predilections and psychological drives so that, in hunting upon this "shining trail" for "the pure elixir, the American thing," we may at last dispense with tags, honorific and slanderous, by which we rather petulantly exalt the "pessimists" (Hawthorne and Melville) and debase the "optimists" (Emerson and his entourage--Thoreau and Whitman). To propose this question is not at all the scheme of John Erskine, years ago in his chapter on Hawthorne in the Cambridge History of American Literature, to see Hawthorne advantageously in the guise of prosecuting judge of certain Emersonian doctrines. Indeed, Professor Erskine's convenient and highly plausible pattern of contrasts has remained one of the classic statements in the still dominant dichotomy of pessimist (a good thing) and optimist (very bad).

The American literary mind, both creative and critical, has been haunted by the demon of the absolute and the metaphysical. The concept of what "the American thing" ought to be, reverberated in the dignified and patriotic sessions of Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, resounded in Emerson's writings, and expanded to the fullest and richest tonal quality in Leaves of Grass. But in Whitman's orchestration, as in that of his contemporary Wagner, the brass section dominated. Who cannot recall, with some sense of weariness, the debate of years ago, first over that monstrous birth of the prescriptive American imagination--the "great American novel" and then, during the depression, the harangue over the "radical" or "proletarian" novel? Today, under the

inspiration of programs of American studies, scholars have attempted to compress their understanding of the American experience into the conceptual. Thus Professor R. W. B. Lewis, in his The American Adam, has depicted our literature in terms of the myth of heroic innocence and vast potentialities. Professor Spiller, in his The Cycle of American Literature, has proposed to explain the evolution of our literature by the simple principle that "the individual organism follows the circular pattern of life," with "a beginning, a life cycle, and an end." Though Professor Lewis' concept is so specific as to provide the greatest concentration and Professor Spiller's so loose and general as to provide scarcely a framework for another readable history of our literature, both illustrate the same demand across the decades, under varying guises, that "the American thing" be driven into a corner and compelled to render up its secret.

In Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Melville, and Emily Dickinson this phenomenal existence is invariably employed in the quest of the Wonders of the Invisible World; and Professor Lewis has, I think unerringly, pointed to the symbol by which students may illuminate their own philosophical speculations or analysis. The American innocence is powerfully portrayed in the figure of Adam; and the authors we are most concerned with here have wrought in a highly imaginative literary primitivism which constantly evokes pictures of the dawn of creation and the Garden of Eden. Hawthorne in the Old Manse, Thoreau at Walden, Melville in the valley of the Typees, Emerson with "no past in [his] back"——they are all Adam; and the American Adam, even in the Fall, is keenly aware of his spiritual origin. Two worlds may simultaneously attract the creative spirit, but the American dualism is heavily weighted in favor of heaven. Hence, this life becomes a microcosm, a forest of symbols for the migratory imagination. Adam has issued so recently from the realm of pure spirit into the dubious realm of matter and spirit that he still conceives life in terms of moral attractions and repulsions which operate with relentless impersonality under the transparent veils of the phenomenal. This is, indeed, the physics of metaphysics. All thought is drawn to such an intense point of contemplation that the physical pales, and we are threatened with being engulfed in a universe of animated abstractions. Fedallah at the ear of Ahab and Chillingworth closeted with Dimmesdale are the most powerful fictional presentations of this abstraction. But the most idealistic moment of abstraction occurs at the end of Emerson's "Illusions" with the young mortal, after the dispersal of snow-storms of illusion, standing before the thrones of the gods, "they alone with him alone"——Neoplatonic emanation returning to its source.

Artistically, one result of this primitivism may be seen in the creation of vignettes, those slender, attenuated, but significant moments in the execution of which the American writer is so superb, Emerson no less than Hawthorne, Whitman no less than Melville. And when the American writer wishes to build on a large scale he does so by stringing his symbol pictures like beads on a filament of the metaphysical, as in Leaves of Grass and Moby Dick.

Another result is whimsicality, a quality so often distressing in Emerson and Whitman, but also occasionally not without its own charm. Another name for whimsicality is innocence, Adam's "formidable innocence" (this is Emerson's phrase, and he is speaking of the poet), which comes to him from Nature; and we might add that if this quality is rather trying in Emerson so is it in Captain Amasa Delano, who is, of course, an exponent of Transcendental doctrine in his colloquy with the broken Benito Cereno. And since my interest here is solely to discover a fundamental informing spirit, I take the liberty of being so illogical as to bring an author into comparison with a fictional character. But if whimsicality imparts tone and mood to phrasing, vignette, and philosophical moment in several of our authors, it enters more importantly into the very form and structure of their work. With an author like Whitman this is literally true, for he spreads an enlarged and cosmic image of himself out upon the American landscape and merges his own identity with that of the continent; and the form of Leaves of Grass, as that epic mass of lyricism evolves in edition after edition, becomes a calculated portrayal of the author's personal growth. Form is idiosyncratic, difficult, not readily comprehended. The dualistic form of Moby Dick, with its brilliant modulations and seemingly infinite ramifications, mirrors the profound mystery of personality in Ishmael, who remains to the very end an occult figure whose identity has occasionally merged with that of Ahab, occasionally with that of Queequeg, and frequently, in obscure intimations, with that of the whole freight of humanity on the Pequod. It is not enough to recognize the spiral form of Emerson's essays. Philosophic dualism contributes significantly to form in both the poetry and the prose; and the sharp juxtaposition of fact and symbol, physical appearance and spiritual essence, all this arises out of what Emerson called the "double consciousness." In "Hamatreya" the chilling contrast between fact and illusion is both grave and ironic. In "The Snow-Storm" the ascent from the realm of the physical as depicted in the New England landscape to the realm of aesthetic contemplation, with the storm as fact and symbol, all this is managed with astonishing ease of levitation. In the essays, as we ascend the spiral, we note that at each level the argument is shot through with this sharp sense of the dualism of experience. Perhaps the most dramatic instance occurs in "History" when, after examining man's institutionalized history, Emerson swiftly confronts us with natural history, "the rats in the wall" and challenges our imaginative comprehension of such occult existences side by side with our own. "What does Rome know of rat and lizard?" This is history from the observational post of private vision. If it is also whimsicality and innocence, as though coming from an Adam still domesticated in Nature, they are managed dexterously; but the important thing to remark is that the spiral returns us to the creative personality. Emerson constantly drives us back to the fable of Adam, the concept of the "One Man" in his own "The American Scholar"; and as research and interpretation advance, we may come to see that an Emersonian essay is, at its best——in "History," "Self-Reliance," "Experience," "Fate——a rare and delicately precise expression of the Emersonian personality.

The effort to find a common ground for Emerson and authors like Hawthorne and Melville, who are so much more acceptable to the critical tastes and standards

of our day, must not be presumed to obscure or minimize the differences— differences which are unquestionably in their favor, not his. But a proper revaluation of Emerson cannot take place without recognition of his share in the context of intellectual and psychological forces which made all his leading literary contemporaries exponents of the cultural dilemma of the "double consciousness." Then possibly we may achieve a fresh insight into the source and scope of his vision. Surely, it would be a hardihood to deny that, even in disparagement, his work remains a challenging expression of one facet of American cultural experience; and it would seem that we are obliged to keep on inquiring into the matter.

There is something instructive in the fortunes of Emerson's reputation. The appreciation of Emerson was, on the whole, higher in the seven years, just before and after his death, 1880-1887, than at any other time. In the North American Review, Underwood (1880) and Whipple (1881) contributed solidly to the expanding critical view; certainly, Whipple's phrase, "intellectualized pathos," to describe the special quality of the poetry as he saw it, is both true and memorable. William T. Harris, in the Atlantic Monthly (1882), and Edward Rowland Sill, in the Overland Monthly (1884), furnished evidence of the vitality of Emerson's work in the sharply contrasted perceptions which they expressed. Harris' essay is a classic of its kind, and Sill's essay reveals the truest feelings of a poet; Sill was content to enjoy the poetry as poetry, and among the noteworthy things in his appreciation is his defense of the irregularities of the verse, long before our time. Stedman's analytical survey of the poetry in his The Poets of America (1885) is competent enough; but quite unusual is the essay by the theologian, Charles C. Everett, contributed to the Andover Review (1887). Everett was especially attracted by Emerson's love of beauty and commented with genuine insight on the condensed and concrete imagery in the verse. This period saw also the publication of six books on Emerson, two lives by Holmes (1884) and Cabot (1887), reminiscences by Conway (1882), and critical and interpretive works by Guernsey (1881), Cooke (1881), and Benton (1883). Cooke's study is for its day well informed philosophically, and Benton's slender volume, Emerson as a Poet, is a delightful exercise in appreciation. In judging these essays and books, we should remember that their authors, most of whom were highly gifted men, wrote without benefit of the Journals. Throughout, except with Stedman, praise, especially for the poet, was pitched in too high and emulous a strain, and Arnold's urbane depreciation (1882) was salutary; yet even Arnold made amends by saying that the Essays were the most important work done in English prose in the century. In all these studies one senses a genuine feeling for Emerson, a perception of his living worth, though the feeling and the perception may be dominated by the moral and though our approach, even when sympathetic, would certainly not be that.

Thereafter, and especially in the centennial year, the appreciation and criticism strike one as stereotyped, although two works, Woodberry's biography (1907) and Firkins' study (1915), reveal the exceptional powers of the authors. Yet for all his pungency and clarity Woodberry interprets solely within the accepted frame of reference, and Firkins, for all his frequent flashes of insight, is highly impressionistic and too often permits literary metaphor and his own undeniable wit to do service for analysis. Let anyone refresh his memory of what Firkins has to say about the essay "Fate"; the remarks are ornate but worthless. And so with much else in his book.

Emerson must himself assume part of the blame for the frontal attack on his reputation in the Jazz Age; he was an affirmer, and he encouraged in even his best interpreters the same reliance on mere affirmation, Victorian moralism, baccalaureate sentiments. It must follow as the night the day that for a rebellious generation which did not care to "live in the spirit" Emerson would appear to be a big bore, together with most of the other venerables from the Victorian era. Curiously, the most devastating attacks did not come from the jaunty, impressionistic critics of the Jazz Age, but from staid academic circles in the 1930's. For the moral critic, Yvor Winters, Emerson was a charlatan with a broad streak of easy sentimentality in him; and for the scholar and positivist, Joseph Warren Beach, Emerson was too "mere" an intellect to understand the science he was dabbling in, largely in the works of dubious and second-rate authorities. Like much else written by Yvor Winters, the attack on Emerson, spread through several essays, is capricious and uninformed; and although Professor Beach's treatment of Emerson is somewhat harder to deal with, it is not final, as Professor Whicher supposes. But neither is Professor Carpenter's defense of Emerson in the Handbook admissible, for that defense rests on grounds of Beach's original choice.

We are thus brought face to face with the most formidable reason for the decline in these recent years of Emerson's reputation. Professor Beach has not been alone in believing that Emerson's "science" is suspect. We are all in the habit of dismissing the Emersonian metaphysics. The Emersonian universe (is it inhabited by men and women?) has such a remotely spiritual origin that we can scarcely credit it. Not only undergraduates, not only graduate students, and not only teachers of American literature, but also specialists in Emerson have had to struggle with this problem. Needless to say, the temper of the age is responsible. Occasionally we return to Emerson as though with a rueful acknowledgment that in the shipwreck of a once great reputation some doctrine, some insight, some attitude might be salvaged. Thus in the Pacific Spectator for the summer of 1947, Professor Theodore Morrison, wishing to encourage young poets to find themselves in this most confused period for the creative spirit, recommended to them "the old Emersonian doctrine" of self-reliance—— without the metaphysics, of course. But what if the two are really one? (To draw an uneasy parallel, we all know what happened in the twentieth century to the nineteenth-century doctrine of the superman, to which Emerson contributed significantly, when it was shorn of its metaphysics——it led a direct trail to Dachau.) And I suspect that the young poet of 1947 or of 1958 will never grasp the Emersonian self-reliance without the metaphysics. And in the first place, he is not interested. Emerson himself supposed, perhaps mistakenly, that he wrought in the tradition and spirit of the Greeks, who had the capaci-

ty, so he said, of beholding the cosmos both scientifically and poetically. Obviously this "science" is not ours; and it were better to dispose of a difficult matter in such brief space by saying that the key to understanding Emerson lies not so much in the what of his belief as in the how——the mythopoetic rendition of the gross materials of the phenomenal world, whether they come under the scientific guise of evolution or under the nationalistic and racial emblem of English traits.

It is a pity that Professor Carpenter did not somewhere in the midst of the admirably clear exposition of his Handbook find space for an ample presentation of the scope and significance of the Journals, for the publication of those ten remarkable volumes (1909-1914) heralded that deeper understanding of Emerson which we seek. The interpretive use to which the Journals have been put has slowly but irresistibly gained, as may be seen in Professor Sutcliff's dissertation on Emerson's theories of literary expression (1923), and, to single out one article, Mildred Silver's fine study of Emerson's view of Progress (1940). Beginning with Professor Rusk, research scholars have had access to the typescripts of the journals or to the manuscripts themselves; and the research of Rusk, Cameron, and Vivian Hopkins, distinguished for accuracy and penetration, has prepared the way for a vigorously renewed approach to Emerson, which, one may hazard the guess, will be rounded out not under twenty-five years from now. It would be appropriate that for the celebration of the centenary of Emerson's death, a happy few should at last be able to say that they perceive and understand the fluid subtleties rapidly shifting, melting one into another, then separating only to fuse once more under the firm and polished surface of the deceptively easy affirmations.

For this rather large reason Sherman Paul has aptly remarked that Carpenter's Handbook puts the period to an era in Emerson scholarship. And Professor Whicher has observed with even greater force that nowhere in the volume is the fragmented Emerson put together in an attempt at a total picture. Both Paul and Whicher, in their close and sympathetic studies, have attempted that total picture which the specialized scholarly activity could not be expected to produce.

Research will have all things unsettled. In the 1930's both Carpenter and Christy, in studies which are still authoritative, advanced our understanding of Emerson's orientalism; but consider the increased understanding of this important strain in Emerson's thought contributed by Professor Cameron's elaborate introduction and other apparatus for his edition of the youthful poem, Indian Superstition. Over the years, Professor Cameron has made himself master of a massive scholarship in the young Emerson; and though the juvenilia are unrewarding from a literary point of view, Cameron has wisely taken hold in the period which indicates the direction of the spiral. For Emerson's growth was a complicated ascent in a series of recapitulations and reaffirmations. As Emerson reached a new level on the ascending spiral he brought with him as a subtly compacted essence all the reading that on a lower level five years earlier is readily distinguishable as "sources"; and this creative process may be seen renewing itself in continuously ascending projections of the Emersonian cosmos. To discover this evolution, to explore it, to be sympathetically aware of a poetic imagination at work with the stuff of ideas, to elucidate the poems, lectures, essays, and whole books as visible tokens of Emerson's transmutation of the ever-recurring Same and One—this is the work, in varying degrees, of research scholars. In contrast to this fundamental effort at discovery, anything less must appear to be a hackneyed diversion——from Yvor Winters' essays years ago to Seymour Gross' article in the South Atlantic Quarterly for January, 1955.

But if Emerson is to be saved for intelligent readers, he must be presented as more than the creator of a beautiful vision of a fresh and unimpaired order in terms of Greek primitivism, and as more than the creator of subtle essences for symbolical and mythical uses. Like the larger American figures of his day, he wrestled with a dualism in all stubborn honesty, and his hard sense of fact thrust forward again and again into the midst of the idealistic argument. Hence, his writings viewed as a whole (and now I have his Journals in mind as his greatest work) have a very real air of conflict and debate; and across the decades, as Professor Whicher has shown in Freedom and Fate, his writings impart a continuous note of change and growth. He will never again, I dare say, be a great classic, but he remains a great figure and a great influence.

In his biography of Hawthorne, Henry James recorded his sense of the paucity of materials in American life for our writers to work upon imaginatively; and his list of institutions which our national existence had not developed remains a useful formulation of the dilemma which confronted Hawthorne and his contemporaries. Here, in my view, from such peculiar circumstances, emerge the peculiarities, endlessly fascinating in their variable manifestations, which mark both these earlier and also several later writers as forming, on psychological grounds, a distinctively American school. Is it not the eminently "American thing" that they have a rather personal manner with their works——as though they were putting themselves as well as their books into the hands of the reader? It was necessary that Emerson's Journals should appear; for with his reticence he had withheld the means of truly understanding his highly personal and frequently occult description of his moral universe. So intimately is Emerson's work wrought into the American continuity that, surely, he deserves some space on the shelf.

Emerson's Letter to the Editor

by ROBERT A. McGILL

A letter to the editor seldom receives much critical attention; seldom does it deserve it. Perhaps this explains why Emerson's editors, biographers, and critics have overlooked the letter of the Boston Courier in its August 15, 1838, issue. For whatever reason, the letter has, heretofore, not been assessed as an Emer-

son document.

To the Editor of the Courier:
The justly appreciated inscription on the Monument to the memory of Mr. John Hooker Ashmun, which was quoted in a letter descriptive of Mount Auburn, and appeared in your paper of Saturday, was written by Mr. Charles C. Emerson. He was a student at the law school at Cambridge, a friend of Mr. Ashmun, and the same disease finally proved fatal to both. The epitaph now tells the character of both the Professor and the student. It might be truly said of either, that "books were his helpers, never his masters"—— that there "was the beauty of accuracy in his understanding, and the beauty of uprightness in his character"——"a lover of Truth, an obeyer of duty, a sincere friend." The taste of the "massive and serenely beautiful sarcophagus," is the result of the exertions of Mr. Emerson.

W.

[Boston Courier, XV, 4419, p. 2]

Although the reasoning to establish Emerson's authorship must necessarily move indirectly, there can be little doubt that he wrote this tribute. We know that he was a reader of the Courier and that, on an earlier occasion in defense of Alcott, had previously contributed a letter to the editor. The above letter, redefining the character of a person now dead for two years, could only have been prompted by a zealous defender of Charles' image. There was no more zealous a defender, no closer companion, no one better informed about Charles' writings than his brother. The style of the letter furnishes no help for our identification. It has no characteristic Emersonian phrasing; it has no distinctive marks of any kind. But, then, such a letter scarcely invites individual flourishes. A more direct connection of the letter with Emerson comes from the signature, if it follows the custom of signing editorial letters with the initial of one's familiar name. The "W" of the letter thus provides a definite link. Unfortunately, no published letters or journals present collaborating evidence....

Recognizing Emerson's authorship here does not contribute any upsetting lever to the image of the poet reconstructed by other scholarly research. It does, however, offer a concrete example of Emerson's character at a critical period of his life, for this letter appeared just as he was falling under attack for the implications of the Divinity School Address. Emerson zealously points out the virtues of his deceased brother, keeping green his memory. Such a spontaneous act shows concretely that Emerson's nonchalance, at least in these early weeks of the growling controversy, was not simply a "pose" or a desperately timid defense of his ego; it was, rather, at one with a noble and principled personality.

—Dickinson College.

EMERSON'S "THE BOHEMIAN HYMN"

by ERIC W. CARLSON

In many forms we try
To utter God's infinity,
But the boundless hath no form,
And the Universal Friend
Doth as far transcend
An angel as a worm.

The great Idea baffles wit,
Language falters under it,
It leaves the learned in the lurch;
Nor art, nor power, nor toil can find
The measure of the eternal Mind,
Nor hymn, nor prayer, nor church.

This undated poem is presumed to have been written before 1840. A cross reference by the editor of The Complete Works (Centenary ed., IX, 510) suggests a primary correlation to Emerson's essay on Plato, specifically the passage which describes Plato as adoring "that which cannot be numbered, or gauged, or known, or named.... He called it super-essential.... this Being exceeded the limits of intellect. No man ever more fully acknowledged the Ineffable." Then by a characteristic sense of the polarity of thought, Emerson maintains that Plato had also the European belief in the knowableness of reality because of "the correspondence of heaven to earth, of matter to mind ...." (Ibid., IV, 61-62). But Emerson, in his conclusion, also pointed out that though Plato tried to Platonize all nature, "the mouthful proves too large" and "unconquered nature lives on and forgets him. So it fares with all: so must it fare with Plato." Nature will not be disposed of. "The perfect enigma remains." (Ibid., IV, 77-78). This latter passage from the essay clarifies the meaning of all but the last line of the poem. To human thought, language and learning the "great Idea" or "eternal Mind" remains incommensurable. God, the Over-Soul, the moral supreme, cannot be fixed or defined; it can only be experienced.

But how is the title to be explained? Is "Bohemian" an allusion to those "artists, intellectuals, etc. who adopt a mode of life in protest against, or indifference to, the common conventions of society, esp. in social relations" (Webster's definition)? Although the idea of intellectual nonconformity is implied in the poem, "Bohemian" in this sense seems much less likely a connotation than that provided by the history of the Bohemian religious reformer, John Huss, whose struggles against dogma, suppression of ideas, and ecclesiastical authoritarianism cost him his life. After attacking the abuses of the clergy and opposing the condemnation of Wyclif's doctrines, Huss was excommunicated in 1410 by the archbishop of Prague, and though aided by the king (Wenceslaus) he was again excommunicated, this time by the Pope, forced into exile for two years, and finally burned at the stake as a heretic in 1415. After his martyrdom, the followers of Huss banded together into societies in Bohemia and Moravia. In 1457, an association called the "Church of the Brotherhood" was formed near Kunwald, Bohemia. These Bohemian Brethren, as they were known, refused to join the Roman Catholic Church, in the belief that the Scriptures provided the only true source of belief and practice, as opposed to the doctrines of the Church. They also emphasized Christian unity, personal service, and a simple ritual of worship. Severely persecuted and driven out of Bohemia into Austria, Poland and other lands, only a remnant of the Hussites remained by 1650, but of these some maintained the tradition of Huss in Moravia,

where the Moravian Church became the spiritual descendant of the Unity of the Brethren. Later, in the 1730's and 1740's Moravian missionaries settled in Pennsylvania and North Carolina.

To Emerson the Bohemian followers of Huss apparently represented so strong a faith in the transcendental nature of God as to distrust and resist the power of the established Church, both doctrinal and ecclesiastical. God as "the Universal Friend" transcends all created forms, whether heavenly ("an angel") or earthly ("a worm") or human ("wit," "language," "learning," "hymn," "prayer," "church"). Spirit, by its very nature, transcends the forms by which it only partially or imperfectly manifests itself. Therefore neither the secular nor the religious ("Nor hymn, nor prayer, nor church") can contain, define, measure or otherwise lay special claim to that which is infinite and immeasurable. It follows that no system of thought—not even Platonism—and no set of doctrines—not even Christian—can embody the Ideal Mind, which is only partially revealed by all creation, even the worm, but fully contained by none. "The Bohemian Hymn" itself is but one such partial revealment of the Universal Spirit and Friend that the greatest minds of all ages have sought and that all systematic philosophy and organized religion have failed to capture and fix in any set of beliefs or symbols.

— University of Connecticut.

Emerson

AT ST. LOUIS, 1852: UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS

by JOHN FRANCIS McDERMOTT

I

Emerson's first lecture-visit to St. Louis (December 25, 1852—January 8, 1853) is interestingly reported in his letters to his family.[1] It is possible, however, to fill in a few gaps with four unpublished letters and two unpublished telegrams from the files of the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association under whose auspices he lectured in St. Louis. This library, opened in 1846, had in some sense been the heir of both the St. Louis Lyceum and the Mechanics Society of St. Louis, and in 1851 was continuing the educational tradition of those institutions by a series of public lectures by local notables. To increase interest, the officers of the library began to seek more widely known names, and in the fall of 1852 offered to the public such popular figures as John Lord, author of the Beacon Lights of History, and Thomas F. Meagher, "the Irish exile."

In search for lecturers of the first rank, George P. Robinson, corresponding secretary of the library, had written late in the spring of 1851 to invite Emerson to speak in St. Louis during the coming winter season. Emerson found it impossible to accept:

Concord, Mass.
24 June 1851

George R. Robinson, Sec^y M. L. Association
Dear Sir,

I am very much flattered by the kind invitation which you send me from your association; but I am at present only able to return my thanks & my good wishes. I find myself so engaged, for months to come, in unavoidable tasks, that I dare not at present promise myself liberty for so long an excursion as to Saint Louis. But you shall, if you please, let this summons lie on the table, for a time; and, one of these days, it may be more practicable for us, on both parts, to give it effect.

Respectfully,
Your obedient Servant,
R. W. Emerson[2]

The following year Solon Humphries of St. Louis, a member of the Library Board of Direction, while in New York, wrote (August 28, 1852) to ask Emerson about his terms for a course of six or more lectures for the 1852-1853 season. Apparently Emerson's reply of September 14 was forwarded to Douglass, who on October 5 wrote to Emerson that the Association would give $500 for six lectures in November.[3] Emerson, however, was unable to meet this date. He wrote from

Concord 16 October
Mass 1852

Dear Sir,

I am sorry it will not be in my power to come to St. Louis on the 10 November. Some private & some public engagements will keep me at home until the 1 December. I believe, I am promised at Cincinnati for the 7 December; & probably I might come to St. Louis as soon as the 20th, or, perhaps better, directly after Christmas. But if your arrangements require a day as early as November, I shall lose the pleasure of a visit to your city, this season.

Respectfully,
R. W. Emerson

John T. Douglas, Esq.

Douglass misread Emerson's reference to the "20th" and telegraphed on November 2 to know when the lecturer could be expected. Emerson immediately replied with a letter:

Concord Nov 4 1852
Mass

Dear Sir,

I had yesterday a telegraphic note from you announcing that you expect me at St. Louis on the 20 November. Immediately on receiving your letter of 5 Oct. I wrote you by mail that certain engagements & mainly, the expected arrival of a friend from England, will detain me at home until about 7 December; that, from that time I am engaged at Cincinnati, for a fortnight; & that I could not therefore hope to be at St. Louis earlier than from about Christmas. This letter, it would seem, you have not received. I sent you, today, a telegraphic dispatch to the same purport. I am very sorry that this failure in our correspondence should have occurred. If the date of 24 or 25 December is too late for your convenience, I must postpone my visit to St. Louis for another year.

Respectfully yours.
R. W. Emerson[4]

J. T. Douglass, Esq.

By November 22 apparently the engagement was settled, for Emerson wrote to William Emerson that he was to be in St. Louis on December 25 to stay probably a fortnight.[5] On arriving in Cincinnati the lecturer found awaiting him another letter from Douglass, to which he replied:

Burnet House
Cincinnati
7 December 1852

Dear Sir,

I find here your note forwarded to me from Concord & thank you for your kind care to make all plain again.

I learn here that by the best arrangement my friends could make for me I shall be detained here until the morning of the 21 instant, when I shall set out for St. Louis.

Will you, then, have the goodness to arrange beforehand the best order of evening, to suit the convenience of the Mercantile Library for the six lectures, and communicate it to me. Perhaps the best order of subjects though not quite the natural order will be—

Conduct of Life

Lecture I	Power
II	Wealth
III	Economy
IV	Fate
V	Culture
VI	Worship

If I can stave off the threatened report in full of the Lecture I have read tonight on "the Anglo-Saxon," I shall like to add that as a volunteer; for as it is my newest, I fancy it. We will make it a compliment to the Mercantile Library if they can find a corner for it within the fortnight, but they shall not be bound to go and hear it.

Respectfully,
R. W. Emerson

J. T. Douglass, Esq.

Douglass now replied from St. Louis on December 13 that he had set the first lecture for December 28.[6] To this Emerson responded with a telegram from Cincinnati, sent and received on the 20th: "Approved."

II

In the St. Louis Intelligencer on December 23, Douglass, as chairman of the lecture committee, announced that the lectures would be given at Wyman's Hall in the following order:

December	27	Power
	28	Wealth
	30	Economy
January	3	Fate
	4	Culture
	6	Worship

The only change in this program was to substitute "The Anglo-Saxon" on the 30th and to advance the other lectures each one day, closing on January 7. The lectures began at 7 P.M. Tickets for the course admitted a lady and a gentleman for $3, but a gentleman was permitted to bring two ladies for $4. Single tickets were fifty cents.

The schedule of prices announced by Douglass brought a protest from a correspondent of the Intelligencer who not unexpectedly signed himself "Franklin." This writer declared that "to very many worthy young men, who are anxious to hear all the Lectures, I know the expense is a very serious objection. They are not able to afford it." He suggested that non-transferable tickets be sold to clerks at a low rate. The editor, too, thought this idea worth consideration, especially for young men belonging to the Library Association. On Christmas Day, Douglass, through the same paper, informed all clerks, members of the Association, that they could obtain series tickets for $2 by calling at the library.

Publicity was reasonably good.[7] The Intelligencer on the morning of the 23rd was enthusiastic. "Mr. Emerson we had the pleasure of hearing elsewhere, two or three years ago; and remember with the greatest pleasure the striking impression produced by his Lectures. His position among the original and earnest thinkers of this country is acknowledged by those who do not, as those who do favor his school of philosophy. Mr. Emerson's style is brilliant, antithetical, pointed. He has great power of epithet and allusion——those valuable aids to word-painting. He is sometimes odd, often drily humorous, and even grotesque in his expressions; veiling a broad principle or striking truth under a garb which would make common-places look new. His manner is scarcely less original than his style. They are well adapted to and illustrate each other, and we remember well the very different impressions conveyed by reading his published 'Essays' before and after hearing their author pronounce his thoughts."[8] After the second lecture had been given, the Intelligencer (December 30) thought "his lectures have more the qualities of a protracted meditation, than an elaborately prepared, consecutive and methodical discourse, but in striking, compact and forceful thought, he has no rival."

On this same day the Evening News confessed its mingled bewilderment at and admiration for the lecturer: "To pretend that we understand Mr. Emerson every where, would be excessively absurd. We have read pages to which we could attach no intelligible meaning; all was mystic and misty, cloudy and foggy, and perfect opaqueness. We could not understand. But then there were lucid districts, sunny, beautiful, flowers beneath and a heavenly sky above; and, to drop metaphor, clear, vigorous, pungent, and fresh thought, as inspiring as mountain air. He has said some of the finest things in the English language, and whether one likes or dislikes him, he finds that in reading him, his thoughts have a wonderful fashion of sticking; they fasten themselves in the mind .... He is a remarkable man in this power he exercises over his audience, for he does it not by tricks of art——of these he has none——nor by oratory, nor by manner, but by pure thought. His sentences in these lectures have been lucid, pointed and strong; his subject handled in a masterly way, and lit up by humor, poetic fancies, and illustrations quaint, grotesque, beautiful and grand."

Attendance at the first lecture, reported the Evening News on December 28, was good, "inclemency of the weather considered." According to a writer in the Intelligencer on January 3 about five hundred people were attending——the hall sat twelve hundred. On the 6th, according to the Evening News, the lecture had been "well attended."

1 The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. R. L. Rusk, (6 vols.), N.Y., 1939, IV, 335-342. Emerson had visited St. Louis in June, 1850, but made no public appearance at that time. (Permission to edit the new manuscripts was courteously given by Edward W. Forbes, Esq., President of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association, and by Clarence E. Miller, Esq., Librarian of the St. Louis Mercantile Library, the present owner of the letters.)
2 This letter was acknowledged by John T. Douglass on July 9, 1851. See Letters, IV, 252.
3 Letters, IV, 314.
4 Emerson telegraphed the next day from Boston: "I wrote I could not come till Twentieth or Twenty fifth December. Shall I come. I write by mail." Douglass received this message on November 6.
5 Letters, IV, 324.
6 Letters, IV, 327.
7 Rusk (Letters, IV, 336, n.261) has already called attention to brief comments in the Missouri Republican on December 28, 30, 1852, and January 3, 4, 6 and 7, 1853.
8 J. B. Crockett, editor of the Intelligencer, was in California at this time; the writer was possibly one of the assistant editors, Edward A. Lewis or Henry Hitchcock, probably the latter.

TRANSCENDENTALISM AND THE "ALMANACKS" OF MARY MOODY EMERSON

by Louise Hastings

[Summary of her paper, delivered at the meeting of the Modern Language Association, in New York, December, 1954. Abstract from the "Report to the American Literature Group" in 1955.]

Mary Moody Emerson's 32 introspective, lyrical, polemical journals, or Almanacks (1801-1858) have an organic relation to idealism in New England, to classic Christian Platonism, and, above all, to Emerson's whole body of thought. They demonstrate Puritanism as a poetic, optimistic, perfecting, responsible continuum, alive even today in our institutions and men. In the interpretations of nature, man, and art Mary Emerson is more transcendental than Emerson himself. Nature, a theophany, is phenomenal only, a becoming, and an actual influx into her soul. Man's dignity as an individual is illustrated by her Platonic concept of mind as a generating seed and by her use of the ego as a point of departure in journal keeping.

This timeless idealism was a vital, though imperceptible, force in our literary revolution, poetry and religion being one in Mary Emerson's catholic Puritanism. There is an early bardic-like and Platonic aesthetique (later growing more sophisticated under Emerson's influence) that has an organic identity with Emerson's mature one; but more significant is the radical internal kinship between the thought content of these scriptures and of Emerson's poems and essays. Nature alone has 135 analogues genetic with the Almanacks. Transmutation through Emerson of this family of ideas expresses itself in numbers of ways, very often a quickening of the personal drama of the Almanacks into more familiar experience. The relationship is also illustrated in the appeal to him of her concept of God as Mind and the universe as a great thought, and in his adaptation of her use of "texts" as a springboard for poetic thought. The ideal contemplative of the Almanacks becomes the ideal poet through Emerson, and the religious practices of the Almanacks become poetic practices through him. Integration of their thought deepened through the years. Her interpretations of authors have direct bearing upon Emerson's interpretations of the same men.

TRANSCENDENTAL HELL IN EMERSON AND MARLOWE

By the Editor

The fact that Emerson found congenial lustres in the Church Fathers (especially in those tainted with medieval "rationalism") for his late sermons, delivered after he had resigned the active ministry, deserves to be recorded. As early as 1831, when he composed the poem "Gnothi Seauton,"[1] he had indicated that Heaven and Hell were states of mind or of the soul. At that time, Milton supplied him with a motto appropriate for the blending of Coleridge, Swedenborgism and Neo-Platonism:[2]

> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
> What matter where, if I be still the same....

In "The Miracle of Our Being" (Sept. 7, 1834),[3] he wrote: "The Creation is so magically woven that nothing can do him any mischief but himself. An invisible immortal fence surrounds his being which defends him from all harm he wills to resist; the whole creation cannot bend him whilst he stands upright; but, on the other hand, every act of his, is instantaneously judged and rewarded: the lightning loiters by the speed of retribution...." Although the first sentence is a commonplace,[4] Emerson in the Journals[5] indicated his source: "Not easy are [the laws of nature] to be enumerated, but he has some idea of them who considers such propositions as St. Bernard's,—— Nobody can harm me but myself,——or who developes the doctrine in his own experience that nothing can be given or taken without an equivalent." His source, hitherto unnoticed, was The Meditations of St. Augustine, His Treatise on the Love of God, Soliloquies and Manual. To which are added Select Contemplations from St. Anselm and St. Bernard, tr. George Stanhope, London, 1818, on page 401 of which (in a selection from St. Bernard) we read:

> When any thing created me uneasiness, my impatience hath tempted me to wish that it might cease to be, or that it never had been at all; and yet upon recollection, I could not but acknowledge, that he who made every thing is good, and that every thing he made is very good in its own nature; and consequently, if it proved evil to me in the event, or the effects of it, the only reason must be, that I myself was evil and wanted the grace and prudence to make a right use of it: for, after all, nothing can work me mischief except myself. The harm that I sustain, I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.

The importance of the sovereign will is again expressed in the sermon, "Self and Others" (Jan. 12, 1831):[6]

> Archbishop Leighton, one of the most esteemed and one of the best divines of the Church of England,

writes that 'by the love of God the soul is made divine and one with him'; and quotes with approbation the language of Saint Austin, 'If you love the earth, you become earth; if you love God——shall I not say? ——you become God.'[7]

And, of course, one becomes a hell or a devil by an analogous identification of the will.

Marlowe, too, drew upon Christian rationalistic sources for the moral theology behind his Tragical History of Doctor Faustus.[8] He also employed picturesquely the fifteenth-century and sixteenth-century devotional books of the Ars Moriendi tradition.[9] He made it clear to the hearer of his play that the compact with Mephistopheles might have been set aside at any time.[10] By an act of the will Faustus might have saved his soul, even at the end of the play, but the will had been too far corrupted through the help of a very energetic devil---and, indeed, a very candid one. When Faustus is skeptical about the existence of Hell and eternal punishments, Mephistopheles hastens to assure him that they do exist, as he himself can verily testify. But he also makes it clear to Faustus that "the mind is its own place" and that heaven and hell are spiritual conditions:[11]

> F. First I will question thee about hell.
> Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?
>
> M. Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
> In one self place; but where we are is hell,
> And where hell is, there must we ever be:
> And, to be short, when all the world dissolves,
> And every creature shall be purified,
> All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

Marlowe may, indeed, have known Saint Bernardinus of Sienna's The Chirche of the Euyll Men and Women whereof Lucyfer is the Heed and the Membres is all the Players Dyssolute and Synners Reproued, tr. Henry Watson, London (Wynken de Worde), 1511. At least two editions were available to Marlowe in English. On signature B.iii (recto and verso) of the 1511 text appears this interesting passage, spoken by another candid devil:

> Euen so sayd Lucyfer as in the chirche of our aduersarye [Christ] the preest beginneth Introybo and maketh his confession Also myne introybo and my confessyon shall be the inuentour of them that gothe playe. One vnhappy player and hasardoure shal come in the mornynge[,] inuent his semblable[,] saynge vnto hym wylte thou not come / knoweth thou not that the other are before. Ha ha answereth ye other I haue not herde masse. Care not therfore sayeth the inuentoure thou shalt go another tyme / And ryght often the vnhappy Wretches maketh theyr partyes on the saterdaye for the sondaye / to the ende yt all the iourney be gyuen vnto my dampnable seruyce. Then after the preest gothe vnto the alter for to saye ye introyte / and there is knowen whereof the masse shalbe Also the introyte of my seruyce dampnable is that the players shall saye; playe we at the romfle / and other shal saye playe we at the tryumphe. And euen soo is in the chirche of god there is seuen masses more comon than ye other as afore is sayd. Semblably in my chirche there is seuen specyalles / whiche is / the mmmom / the gleke / the flusshe / the torment / the regnet / one and thyrty / and ye tryumphe. Item there is also at ye masse of cryst kyrieleyson that is asmoche for to saye as who said vnto god / lorde gyue vs mercye / whiche is a songe & orayson ryght fayre that is sayd and pronounced thryes .iij times that is .ix. tymes / in the name and reuerence of the trynyte and of the .ix. ordres of aungelles. But at ye Kyrie of my chirche shall be spoken & pronounced blasphemes vpon blasphemes. For the one shall swere by the bloode of god / the other by the flesshe / the other by ye wombe / the other by the heed / the other by the body / ye other by the dethe / and consequently of the other. And ryght so as in the chirche of god all the preestes whan they haue songe the Kyrye alone they ende all togyder with one accorde and tune / euenso ryght often the players renyeth god / or blaspheneth horrybly all togyder in such wyse that it semeth to be myn helle / as it is for to speke proprely. For ryght so as paradyse is there as god is / in lyke Wyse there is ye deuyll is / is helle.

Nineteenth-century Transcendentalism and Renaissance Rationalism drew from some of the same fountains, and both were interesting reactions against the balances and imbalances of the traditional Catholic faith. At least while the Swedenborgian influence upon Emerson was strong in the 1830's---despite his leanings toward optimism---hell was a reality which he did not deny, though he considered it much as did the Renaissance Mephisto---as a condition of mind.

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1 See Cameron, Emerson the Essayist, I, 175-179.
2 Paradise Lost, I, 254-256.
3 Young Emerson Speaks, ed. McGiffert, 209.
4 See Burton Stevenson, Home Book of Quotations, 3d ed., N.Y., 1937, p. 544, under "Man His Own Enemy."
5 See Journals, III, 208.
6 Young Emerson Speaks, 133.
7 Robert Leighton, Select Works, (2 vols.), London, 1823---a gift to Emerson by George Adams Sampson.
8 See Roy W. Battenhouse, Marlowe's Tamburlaine: A Study in Renaissance Moral Philosophy, Nashville, 1941.
9 See Beach Langston, "Marlowe's Faustus and the Ars Moriendi tradition," in A Tribute to George Coffin Taylor: Studies and Essays, Chiefly Elizabethan, by his Students and Friends, ed. Arnold Williams, [Chapel Hill, 1952], 148-167.
10 This fact is demonstrated by Lily B. Campbell, "Doctor Faustus: A Case of Conscience," P M L A, LXVII (1952), 219-239.
11 Marlowe, Doctor Faustus, II.i.116ff.

A FURTHER NOTE ON EMERSON'S "SECOND MERLIN SONG"

By the Editor

In my earlier study,[1] I overlooked a significant allusion in line 15: "Only the light-armed climb the hill." It appropriately echoes Zoroastrian Fragment No. 169:

> "Things divine are not attainable by mortals who understand body, but only as many as are lightly armed arrive at the summit."

In 1839-1841, Thoreau was reading the oracles of Zoroaster and the Theurgists in two editions:

Ancient Fragments of the Phoenician, Chaldaean, Egyptian, Tyrian, Carthaginian, Indian, Persian,

and other Writers; with an Introductory Dissertation: and an Inquiry into the Philosophy and Trinity of the Ancients, ed. Isaac Preston Cory, (2d ed.) London, 1832.

[Cory's translation of the Oracles of Zoroaster was based upon Thomas Taylor's, to be mentioned below. Cory's (or, rather, Taylor's) translation also appeared in the second work known to Thoreau:]

The Phenix: A Collection of Old and Rare Fragments, N.Y., 1835, (pages 147-176).

Evidence for Thoreau's reading will appear in his Literary Note-Book (now in the Library of Congress) and in the Commonplace Book (owned by the Pierpont Morgan Library). In compiling an article, "Ethnical Scriptures: Chaldaean Oracles," for The Dial,[2] Emerson seems to have known both the works mentioned above as well as Thomas Taylor's original translation in the Classical Journal.[3] In any event, both Thoreau and Emerson agreed that "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." Cynddylan's son obviously needed this Zoroastrian advice.

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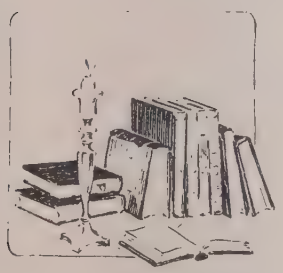
1 Kenneth Walter Cameron, "The Significance of Emerson's 'Second Merlin Song'", E S Q, no. 2 (I Quarter, 1956), 2-7.
2 The Dial, IV (April, 1844), 529-536.
3 Thomas Taylor, "Chaldaean Oracles," Classical Journal, XVI, 334-344; XVII, 128-133, 243-264 (1817-1818).



FACSIMILE OF THE RARE BROADSIDE, GIVING THE ORDER OF PARTS AT EMERSON'S ORDINATION ON MARCH 11, 1829. COPY SUPPLIED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY OF NEW YORK CITY.

Below are clippings from the Boston Herald of Oct. 14, 1956, supplied to us by Mrs. Rose Bull, of Cambridge, Mass., and John A. Mason. Esq., of Hartford.

CONCORD BRIDGE provides a portion of the background for this window, devoted to Ralph Waldo Emerson, to be installed in The Church of the Saviour in Brooklyn. The window was designed and made by Charles J. Connick Associates of Boston.

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ORDER OF SERVICES

AT THE

ORDINATION OF MR RALPH WALDO EMERSON,

AS JUNIOR PASTOR

OF THE

Second Church and Society

IN BOSTON,

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1829.

VOLUNTARY.—ANTHEM.

ORIGINAL MUSIC BY MR S. ALLEN.

Great God, whose universal sway
All heaven reveres, all worlds obey,
Now make the Saviour's glory known,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Through Him shall endless prayers be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
With every daily sacrifice.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King!
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER,

AND SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE,

Rev. Mr Prince, Brookline.

HYMN. Mercy Ann Dr

How beautiful the feet of those
Who publish Peace from heaven!
How glad the message they disclose
From Him, to save us given!
Glory to God, good will to men,
And Peace on earth, attend his reign.

The world was dark with woe and strife;
Pain, sin, and death bore sway;
And souls, ordain'd to nobler life,
In fear and bondage lay.
His word went forth—earth's evils cease,
And ransom'd spirits rest in peace.

That Peace, which earth can never give,
And never take away,
Shall conquer time and death, and live
Through heaven's eternal day.
Praise to the Lord! whose boundless grace
Redeems and saves our sinful race.

SERMON. Rev Mr Ripley, Waltham

ORDAINING PRAYER.

Rev Mr Parkman

HYMN.

Father! we bow in fervent prayer
In this, thy holy place,
That we, thy children, here may share
The blessings of thy grace.

On him, thine eye benignant bend,
The herald of thy truth,
Who, in thy service, vows to spend
The treasures of his youth.

For him we humbly crave thy care;
Thy faith and hope to cheer;
Thy strength, the pains and toils to bear
Of every coming year.

Here may the gospel of thy Son,
Pure, as when Jesus taught,
A full, unfetter'd current run,
With joy and healing fraught.

Here may the young and thoughtless learn
To walk in Wisdom's path;
And here the aged spirit burn
With love and perfect faith.

Here may the mourner's heart rejoice
In hopes of promised heaven,
And sorrowing sinners hail the voice,
That tells of sins forgiven.

May souls, beneath thy servant's care,
To truth and glory brought,
In joyful numbers, witness bear
How faithfully he wrought.

And, when the final hour shall come,
That sunders earthly ties,
May he and they a happier home
Enjoy beyond the skies.

CHARGE.

Rev Mr Ripley, Concord

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

Rev. Mr Stebbins, Dan

ADDRESS TO THE SOCIETY.

Rev. Mr. E. S. Damrell

CONCLUDING PRAYER.

ANTHEM.

The Lord will comfort Zion, he will comfort her waste places and make her like Eden, like the garden of the Lord.

Joy and gladness shall be found therein, Thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting. To thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens and all the powers therein, to the Cherubim, to the Seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

BENEDICTION.

BOSTON—PRESS OF ISAAC R. BUTTS

EMERSON AND THE WARSAW GHETTO by the Editor.

Apart from Bunshō Jugaku's A Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson in Japan from from 1878 to 1935,[1] prefaced by an important historical introduction, scholarship has not yet begun to compile for Emerson, as it has for Whitman, inventories of editions of his works in languages other than English. Before his influence in Europe and Asia can be adequately assessed, such spade-work will be a necessary preliminary. Of particular interest to the writer of this short not has been Emerson's popularity among the Jewish people of the world community, especially in those centers afflicted by the marching forces of barbarism. One cannot make safe generalizations until more evidence is available, but we know that copies of the Essays circulated in the Warsaw Ghetto, of which John Hersey's The Wall[2] preserves for us a memorable picture. What part Emerson may have had in that splendid manifestation of Hebrew heroism, love, and defiance of tyranny in the face of certain annihilatiom ——we cannot certainly know. But he was there! I have in my library a much-esteemed copy of The Essays, dated "Warszawa, 1922," brought from Poland by one of the refugees and containing the interesting picture of Emerson which we reproduce here, together with the title page and specimen pages of the essay on "History." Wherein lay Emerson's appeal for this particular community of the people who have given the Western World its concept of morality and the dignity of man? The writer suggests that despite his predilection for late Hellenic philosophy and literature, Emerson was essentially Hebraic in temper and moral fervor. He was a vigorous monotheist, a devotee of the Ten Commandments in the Hebrew Torah, and a lover of gnomic wisdom akin to that of the book of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, and the Psalms. His illustrations, myths and stories, moreover, often remind one of those of the Old Testament. (The final chapter of Nature is but one example.) The fact that the Jew at his best and most alert, like the Scots-man, has always paid great deference to learning is another possible reason for the attraction. And, we may add, that Emerson was an American——almost himself a symbol of that freedom which at least for a century has been more a hope than a reality in distraught Poland. Perhaps our readers can greatly enrich our knowledge of this interesting relationship and will report, from time to time, other European editions of Emerson's works in Hebrew. It is an aspect of comparative literature worthy of investigation, especially in our day.

רַלְף וַלְדוֹ אֶמֶרסוֹן

1 Kyoto, 1947. Sold by Minakamiya & Company, Ltd., Takefu, Fukui Prefecture. Of the edition of 500 copies, 100 were presented "to Mr. Edward W. Forbes, a grandson of the sage of Concord, who kindly financed the collecting of materials for

the compilation of this book."
2 This now-famous book is available from Pocket Books, Inc., for only fifty cents. It was selected and distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. It has been translated into German, Norwegian, Swedish, Italian French and Hebrew.
3 The publisher's imprint reads: Wydawnic-two-Sztybel. Warszawa, 1922 Druk. I. Hend-lera, Warszawa, Długa NO 26. (The edition has 360 pages 8vo.)

מַסּוֹת וּמֶחְקָרִים

ר. ו. אֶמֶרסוֹן

הִיסְטוֹרְיָה

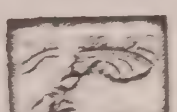
אֵין קָסֶן וְגָדוֹל, אֵין נִסָּב חָזוֹל
לַעֲשָׂה הַיּוֹצְרָה וּבוֹרְאָה הַכֹּל;
וּבְאַשֶׁר הִיא בָּאָה שָׁם מְלֹא כָּל הַיְקוּם.
וְהִיא מְמַלְאָה אֶת אַסְפֵי תַּחְתִּיוֹת וָרוּם

אֲזַי שָׁלִים וָרַב עַל גַּלְגַּלִּים וְשָׁנִים,
עַל תְּקוּפוֹת הַחַמָּה וּתְחִיבוֹת כּוֹכָבִים,
עַל וְרוּעַ יַד צָוַר, עַל תְּבוּנַת לֵב מְלֹאן הַהֲוָיָה,
עַל לֵבָב שֶׁל נָבִיא, עַל רוּחוֹ שֶׁל שֶׁקְסְפִּיר אַדִּירָה.

תרגם מאנגלית

י. ל. ברוך

עם תמונת המחבר



הוצאת אברהם יוסף שפיבל

וַרשה, תרפ"ב

רוח אחת משחפת לכל בני־האדם כלם. כל אדם משפט בנוסה אל אותו העצם גופו, שחברו משפט לו בנוסה, ואל כל פרטיו של אותו העצם. מי יזכה פעם אחת למשפט אורח בממלכת השכל נעשה לבן־תורין, השולט שלטון־בעלים בכל הנכסים והקנינים שבממלכה זו, את המחשבות, אשר הדרה והגה שלמון, יכול להגות גם הוא; מה שחש והרגיש אחר הקדושים, יכול להרגיש גם הוא; ומה שעלתה לו בימן מן הזמנים למי שהוא, אף הוא יכול להבין ואת ולעשות עליה. מי שזכה לכך להיות מן המצויים אצל רוח עולמית זו, שתף הוא בכל דבר הנעשה או עלול להיות נעשה, מפני שאדם שכטורו הצרו השתל היחידי והעליון שבעולם.

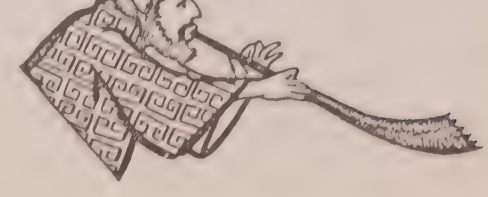
ההיסטוריה היא ספר הזכרון לעלילותיה ומפעליה של רוח זו.

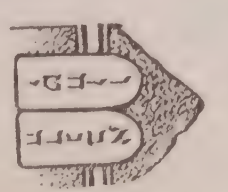
נעשה בסדרה ידועה לפני, או ליצור ילד רק על־פי החקר והעיון, שהיא נתין ברשמי צורתו בלבד, – אלא אם הציר מתרקה בסקירה על תגעותיו ומעטי מעשועיו, הרי הוא מכנים את עצמו אל תוך מבנו של הילד, ומתוך כך יהא בכחו ליצור אותו להצונו בכל מצב שהוא. בדומה לזה תרר רוס, אל תוך תעלומות סבנן של השיות אשר ציר". ידעתי רַבָּנן אחר, שהיה מֵשֵׁם בסדרה צבורית, שלא ראה את עצמו מכשר להתוות תבנית של טלעים, קודם שהסבירו לו את תבונתם הניאולונית של הטלעים האלה. במצב יחוע של המחשבה אתה מוצא את מקור מוצאם הכללי של מטעמים, השונים זה מזה תכלית השנוי. רק ההוח שוה היא ולא המעשה. רק מתוך השנה יחר עמקה, ולא מתוך כסרון המעשה וחריצות ידים, שמטלים אותם מקודם בדי עמל ויגיעה, מגיע האמן לידי הכח לעורר נשמות אחרות לטעול מעלה יחועה.

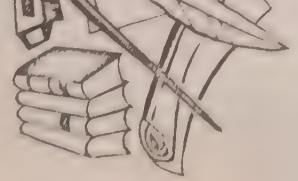
אמור נאמר: „נשמות פחותות מטלמות במה שהן עוסות; נשמת יקרות – במה שהן הוות" 1). ומה מעמו של דבר מבני סאדם בעל־כבע עמק מעורר בקרבנו במעשיו ודבריו, בסבסיו והליכותיו בלבד אותו הכח ואותו רגש־היפי עצמו, שמעוררת נַלָּריה של מעטי־סקולפטורות ושל תמונות.

ההיסטוריה המדינית והמבעית, ההיסטוריה של האמנות והספרות צריכות להיות מתבארות על־ידי ההיסטוריה של אדם יחיד, ואם לאו, הרי הן נשארות רק גבוב דברים בלבד. אין לך דבר שאין בו יחס וקרבה אלינו, אין לך דבר שאין אנו מוצאים בו ענין וחפץ – מפלבה, בית־סער, אֶלן, סום או פרסת־ברזל – טרשם של כל הדברים האלה טבע בקרב האדם. סִנמא קרוץ ובית־התפלה של סברום הקדוש אינם אלא התעקות קלוסות מסל תבנית אלהית. בית־הבנסה הסטרסבורגי אינו אלא בבואה נסטית של נסמת אֶרְוִין איש שְׁפִּינְגֶר. סיר אמת לאמת־ – הוא רחט של הפיסן; אניה לאמתה – הוא בונה האניה. אלמלי היינו יכולים לחדר אל תוך תוכו של האדם, היינו רואים בקרבו את גמר השבלול האחרון ואת הַתָּג האחרון של המעל שהוא יוצר,

1) אחד מפתגמיו של שילר הוא.







סָקְסִיקוּ וּמֶמְפִּיס – אינם אלא גלוי חפץ להחזיק את הטלים הכרכריות, הגבוהות והספלות „שָׁם" ו„אָז" ולהחליפן במלים „פה" „עַתָּה". בְּלָצוֹנִי מחשב ומודד בקברות החנושים ובפירמידים אשר בנוא־אמן (תֶּבֶן). עד שיעלה בידו לעמוד על עקר ההבדל שבינו ובין אותו העמל הנורא, אשר יצר את כל המצבות והבנינים הללו, אבל כמעם הניח את דעתו בכלל ובפרט ותובת לדעת, כי כל העמל הזה נעשה ביד אדם שבמותו, שהיה מזון באותם הכלים עצמם ופעל על־פי אותם המעמים והחבות שבמותו ולשם תבליות, שנם הוא היה מורח ופועל בסביבון, מיד נפתרה המרובלימה; המחשבה שלו חיה לארך כל סורת בתי־המקדש, הספינקסים ומחלות הכוכים, עוברת מתוך שביעת־רצון על־פני כלם והם מתעוררים לתחיה בקרב הרוח, או מתהפכים ונהיים ל„עכשו".

בית־תפלה שנב"ה בסגנון־הבניה הגוטי עופר ומעיר, שהוא נוצר על־ידינו ושלא נוצר על־ידינו. אין סנק בדבר, שיד אדם יצרה אותו, אלא שאין אנו מוצאים אדם שכזה בקרב בני־הדנו. אבל אנו מצוים את דעתנו אל תולדות יצירתו של ההיכל הזה. אנו כעקידים את עצמנו במקומו ובמצבו של הבנאי, אשר בנה אותו. אנו נזברים בסיבני היערים, בבתי־המקדש הראשונים, בדבקות היתרה שדבקים בני־האדם בסמיסהבניה הקדום ובכל השבלול והקשום, ששבללו אותו, כ„צמת שהעשר הלאמי הלך הלוך ורב; ההסתלמות הפרבה, שהגיעה אליה אמנות הפתוח בעק, היא היא שהונחה ביסודו של מעשה־הסחוחים והצעצועים, אשר בכל אותו הר האבן, שנערם ונצבר והיה לבית־כנסת. מדי עברנו דרך כל הפתוֹם הזה ומדי צרפנו אליו את הכניסה הקתולית, את הצלב שלה, המוסיקה שלה, התהלוכות הדתיות, הקדושים ועבודת־התמונות שלה, הרי אנו כאלו נעשינו לאותו האיש, אשר יצר את בית־הכנסת הזה; אנו הֶרְאִינוּ לדעת, כיצד יכול = וכיצד צריך היה להיות בנין זה. ומתוך כך עמדנו אצוא על הטעם המספיק, שהביא לידי יצירתו.

החלוק סבין בני־האדם יסודתו בכשרונם לחבר ולצרף את הדברים. יש בני־אדם המסדרים את הדברים על־פי צבעם, שעור

EMERSON, THOREAU, PARSON FROST, AND "THE PROBLEM"

By the Editor

Professor Conrad Wright's valuable monograph, "Emerson, Barzillai Frost, and the Divinity School Address,"[1] provides a rich background for an Emerson poem not hitherto fully linked to the stormy period of the Divinity School Address. The evidence is now clear that the following passage, dated March 18, 1838, refers to Emerson's impatience with the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Frost, the assistant to Dr. Ripley, in Concord:[2]

> At church all day, but almost tempted to say I would go no more. Men go where they are wont to go, else had no soul gone this afternoon.... Yet no fault in the good man. Evidently he thought himself a faithful, searching preacher,——mentioned that he thought so several times; and seemed to be one of that large class, sincere persons based on sham; sincere persons who are bred and do live in shams....
>
> There is no better subject for effective writing than the Clergy. I ought to sit and think, and then write a discourse to the American Clergy, showing them the ugliness and unprofitableness of theology and churches at this day, and the glory and sweetness of the moral nature out of whose pale they are almost wholly shut. Present Realism as the front face, and remind them of the fact that I shrink and wince as soon as the prayers begin, and am glad if my tailor has given me a large velvet collar to my wrapper or cloak, the prayers are so bad. A good subject, because we can see always the good ideal, the noble ethics of nature, as contrast to the poverty-stricken pulpit.

On August 28 of the same year he wrote:[3]

> I dislike to be a clergyman and refuse to be one. Yet how rich a music would be to me a holy clergyman in my town. It seems to me he cannot be a man, quite and whole; yet how plain is the need of one, and how high, yes, highest, is the function. Here is division of labor that I like not. A man must sacrifice his manhood for the social good. Something is wrong, I see not what.

The original title of "The Problem" was "The Priest,"——a word which, in Emerson's mind, included even the Protestant clergy of the Unitarian Church.[4] (He once spoke of Alcott as a "god-made priest!)[5] According to the implications of the second quotation, Barzillai Frost did not qualify. On December 12, 1839, he wrote Margaret Fuller concerning The Dial:[6]

> I went to Little & Brown's before I left town to sound the bookseller on the Journal, but he was not to be found—— I wrote some verses for it one Sunday lately at church: the better place not always the better poetry: I cannot send them today, for I let Henry Thoreau carry them away lately when he brought me poetry.

It was "The Problem" which he lent to Henry who, at sometime during the same month, copied the poem into a surviving commonplace book,[7] adding at the end of his transcription this note: "Suggested, and at least partially written in Church, Nov. 10th——39." Apparently, Emerson began writing his poem while Frost was preaching his "shams," and Henry, who largely shared Emerson's attitude toward Concord homilies, wished by the subscript to remind himself of the local situation. A little more than a year later he jotted down a veiled reference to the same Parson Frost:[8]

> When I have access to a man's barrel of sermons, which were written from week to week, as his life lapsed...I cannot conceive what interval there was for laughter and smiles in the midst of so much sadness.... The religion I love is very laic. The clergy are as diseased, and as much possessed with a devil, as the reformers. They make their topic as offensive as the politician, for our religion is as unpublic and incommunicable as our poetical vein, and to be approached with as much love and tenderness.

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1 Harvard Theological Review, XLIX, no. 1 (Jan., 1956), pp. 19-43.
2 Journals, IV, 412-413. 3 Ibid., V, 30.
4 See Works (Centenary ed.), IX, 405.
5 Letters, II, 29 (July 20, 1836).
6 Ibid., II, 242-243. "The Problem" soon afterwards appeared in The Dial, I (July, 1840), pp. 122-123.
7 Manuscript in the Pierpont Morgan Library: M. A. 594, p. [150].
8 Thoreau, Journal, I, 239 (Mar. 15, 1841).

EMERSON ON HIS FATHER AND STEP-GRANDFATHER

By the Editor

Two biographical letters which Emerson sent to William Buell Sprague to be included in the latter's Annals of the American Pulpit[1] deserve to be better known. The first,[2] on his father, the Rev. William Emerson of Boston, dated Oct. 5, 1849, is especially interesting for its enclosure. (It is one of Emerson's few extant judgments concerning the parent, whom he knew only until he was nine years old.) The second,[3] on the Rev. Ezra Ripley, interestingly supplements and partly condenses the sketch of Ripley which Emerson prepared for the Social Circle of Concord, now incorporated in his Works.[4] (There is, however, a notice lying behind both accounts in the Middlesex Yeoman at the time of Ripley's death.)[5] I reprint here both letters together with a part of their context.

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1 William Buell Sprague, Annals of the American Pulpit, (9 vols.), N.Y., 1859-1873.
2 Ibid., VIII, 244-245. 3 Ibid., VIII, 116-119.
4 See Works (Centenary ed.), X, 381-395.
5 Ibid., X, 586.

FROM THE REV. CHARLES LOWELL, D. D.

Elmwood, (Cambridge,) November 8, 1859.

My dear Friend: You ask me to tell you about Mr. Emerson, minister of the First Church, Boston; or, as he preferred saying, "First Church," without the article. If my memory serves me, Mr. Buckminster preached and published a discourse in commemoration of him. And what do you want more, you unreasonable man? "Who can come after the King?"

Mr. Emerson was a handsome man, rather tall, with a fair complexion, his cheeks slightly tinted, his motions easy, graceful and gentlemanlike, his manners bland and pleasant. He was an honest man, and expressed himself decidedly and emphatically, but never bluntly or vulgarly. He had the organ of order very fully developed — he was one of those who have "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place." In that respect, he differed from that admirable man, who was his classmate and friend, and my friend, and

one whom any one might feel proud to call his friend, John Thornton Kirkland, who never had any thing in order, but always found what was wanted; whose manuscript sermons in the pulpit were in separate pieces, but he always found the right piece, and that was better than almost any of his brethren could have found in what they had written with twice the labour.

Mr. Emerson was a man of good sense. His conversation was edifying and useful; never foolish or undignified.

In his theological opinions, he was, to say the least, far from having any sympathy with Calvinism. I have not supposed that he was, like Dr. Freeman, a Humanitarian, though he may have been so. He was always an acceptable preacher, and his delivery was distinct and correct, and was evidently the result of much care and discipline.

I first knew Mr. Emerson as master of the Grammar School in Roxbury, where my father then lived, and I early went to school. I used sometimes, when we were brother ministers in Boston, playfully to remind him that he was the only master who ever gave me a blow on my back with a cow-skin. It was only one blow, and that, I suspect, a gentle one. But I have a vivid recollection of the bench before his desk, over which I leaned to take it, and almost fancy I feel it now. But, though it *may* have left its smart upon my back, it left no smart upon my heart. I loved him while he lived, and love his memory now.

Your loving friend,

CHARLES LOWELL.

FROM MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Concord, 5 October, 1849.

My dear Sir: I fear you have the worst thoughts of me as far as the virtues of a good correspondent go. I ought to have warned you at first that I am a reprobate in that matter. Yet, I did, on the receipt of your letter, in the summer, make, with my mother, some investigation into the history of my father's preaching, that he might make his own answer, as you suggested, to your inquiry concerning his opinions. But I did not find, in any manuscript or printed sermons that I looked at, any very explicit statement of opinion on the question between Calvinists and Socinians. He inclines obviously to what is ethical and universal in Christianity; very little to the personal and historical. Indeed what I found nearest approaching what would be called his creed, is in a printed Sermon "at the Ordination of Mr. Bedee, of Wilton, N. H." I think I observe in his writings, as in the writings of Unitarians down to a recent date, a studied reserve on the subject of the nature and offices of Jesus. They had not made up their own minds on it. It was a mystery to them, and they let it remain so.

Yours respectfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

The following paragraphs are from the Sermon above referred to:—

"Jesus Christ taught the doctrine of human depravity. We learn, in his religion, that God has been pleased to make mankind of a compound nature; of a nature partly animal, and partly spiritual, or at least resembling in a degree their Divine Creator, and in a degree the beasts which perish. Between these two constituent parts of the human nature, there is a constant variance. The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other. Of this fact the reflecting heathens were sensible, though they could not account for it. The frail Aræsces, having fallen a prey to temptation, acknowledges to Cyrus that he possessed two souls. 'For had I one soul only,' he says, 'it is utterly impossible, that I should be as I had myself, both virtuous and vicious; that I should love at once honourable and dishonourable actions; and that I should be willing and unwilling, at the same moment, to do the same things. It is, therefore, plain that I have two souls: when the good soul is in power, I am the servant of virtue; when the bad soul predominates, I am the slave of vice.' St. Paul uses similar language, when personating a character influenced by Christian motives. 'That which I do, I allow not, for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. For in me, that is, in my flesh,' in my animal nature, 'there dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but to perform that which is good I find not. For I delight in the law of God, after the inward man,' as it respects my spiritual nature. But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. So then with my mind,' the superior part of myself, 'I serve the law of God; but with the flesh,' the inferior part of myself, 'the law of sin.'

"As to these principles, so their effects are diametrically opposite. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, strifes, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings and such like. On the contrary, the fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, righteousness, truth, love, long-suffering, gentleness, faith, meekness, temperance.

"At the time of Christ's advent, almost the whole world, Jews as well as Gentiles, were under the dominion of their fleshly lusts, and thus were alienated from the spiritual life. With reference also to the times both before and after our Saviour, there is a sense in which all mankind may be said to have corrupted their way before God, by following hurtful principles, following sinful customs, and obeying the dictates of sensual appetite. Different degrees of human depravity are discernible at different periods of time; but in every age the kingdom of Satan, which is the Slavery of man to sense and passion, has existed in our world. What period or country was ever free from the sin of serving the creature to the neglect of the Creator? What community ever existed which did not contain ignorant men, who might be deluded, and artful men to delude them; men sufficiently impudent to offer bribes, and men venal enough to take them, men brutal enough to make a god of sensuality, and others diabolical enough to rejoice in the practice of such voluptuousness? Where is the church, which never embraced in its bosom some ambitious Diotrephes, some careless Archippus, or a scandalous member? In what family have parents been uniformly just, and children uniformly obedient; masters always kind, and servants always faithful? Nay, where is the heart, which has not sometimes cherished within itself the seeds of every vice which deforms and disgraces the human character?

"This doctrine of human depravity then, whose truth is sanctioned by universal observation and experience, is a doctrine of the Christian revelation, and he who preaches it, preaches Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

"Jesus Christ taught the restoration of mankind to virtue and happiness through his instrumentality. For this purpose the son of God was manifested, that He might

* * *

Dr. Ripley was married, on the 16th of November, 1780, to Mrs. Phoebe Bliss) Emerson, widow of the Rev. William Emerson, of Concord. They had three children,—one daughter and two sons. The youngest son, *Daniel Bliss*, was graduated at Harvard College in 1805, settled as a lawyer in Alabama, and died there in 1825. Mrs. Ripley died on the 16th of February, 1825.

Dr. Ripley's eldest son, Samuel, was born in Concord, March 11, 1783; was fitted for College in the public schools of his native town, and graduated at Cambridge, in good standing, in 1804. After teaching a short

time in the South, he prepared for the ministry, and was ordained on the 22d of November, 1809, over the Congregational Church in Waltham, as successor to the venerable Dr. Cushing. After the death of the Rev. Bernard Whitman, it was proposed that the two Unitarian Societies in Waltham should be united in one, under the pastoral care of Mr. Ripley, associated with a colleague. Accordingly, on the 27th of October, 1841, Mr. George F. Simmons was settled as colleague. After a short ministry, he resigned his office, and Mr. Thomas Hill (now the Rev. Dr. Hill, President of Harvard College) was ordained as his successor. Mr. Ripley, thinking it would be too great a burden for the Society to support two ministers, resigned his salary, and all responsibleness as minister of the Society at Waltham, before his first colleague was settled, and soon after took the pastoral charge of the Unitarian Church in Lincoln. In the spring of 1846, he removed to Concord, and took up his residence in the house in which he had spent his early years. He died suddenly, in his carriage, of disease of the heart, on his way home from the railroad depot, in the midst of his children, on the 24 h of November, 1847, at the age of sixty-four. Ralph Waldo Emerson says of him,—"He was a man of ardent temperament, frank, generous, affectionate, public-spirited, and with a humble estimate of himself."

I once had the privilege of passing a night under Dr. Ripley's roof. He was then an old man, but full of life and spirit. I was struck with the frankness and generosity of his manner, and the simple but warm-hearted hospitality with which he received me. His conversation delighted me, not only because it indicated great intelligence, but because it was about old times and old things, in which I felt a special interest. I well remember how much he was at home amidst the stirring incidents of the Revolution, and how vividly he painted many of the scenes of that eventful period. As he talked to me of Hancock and other illustrious men who were associated with him, in the days that tried men's souls, he kindled into a fervour of lofty and patriotic feeling, and the past seemed to be reproduced in his vivid impressions and recollections. I thought him a fine specimen of an old school gentleman. He adverted with considerable interest to the great religious controversy that was then going on in Massachusetts, and, in a very decided but courteous manner, expressed his dissent from the views and measures of the Orthodox party.

FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Concord, October 25, 1848.

My dear Sir: It will be easy, as it is grateful, to me to answer your inquiries in regard to Dr. Ripley, as I still have by me some sketches which I attempted of his character very soon after his decease. Indeed, he is still fondly remembered in all this neighbourhood. He was a man so kind and sympathetic, his character was so transparent, and his merits so intelligible to all observers, that he was very justly appreciated in this community. He was a natural gentleman; no dandy, but courtly, hospitable, manly, and public spirited, his nature social, his house open to all men. I remember the remark made by an old farmer, who used to travel hither from Maine, that "no horse from the Eastern country would go by the Doctor's gate." Travellers from the West and North and South could bear the like testimony. His brow was serene and open to his visitor, for he loved men, and he had no studies, no occupations, which company could interrupt. His friends were his study, and to see them loosened his talents and his tongue. In his house dwelt order, and prudence, and plenty; there was no waste and no stint; he was open handed and just and generous. Ingratitude and meanness in his beneficiaries did not wear out his compassion; he bore the insult, and the next day his basket for the beggar, his horse and chaise for the cripple, were at their door. Though he knew the value of a dollar as well as another man, yet he loved to buy dearer and sell cheaper than others. He subscribed to all charities, and it is no reflection on others to say that he was the most public spirited man in the town. The late Dr. Gardiner, in a Funeral Sermon on some [illegible], whose virtues did not readily come to mind, honestly said,—"He was good at fires." Dr. Ripley had many virtues, and yet all will remember that, even in his old age, if the fire bell was rung, he was instantly on horseback with his buckets and bag.

He was never distinguished in the pulpit as a writer of sermons, but in his house his speech was form and pertinence itself. You felt, in his presence, that he belonged by nature to the clerical class. He had a foresight, when he opened his mouth, of all that he would say, and he marched straight to the conclusion. In private discourse or in debate, in the vestry or the lyceum, the structure of his sentences was admirable,—so neat, so natural, so terse, his words fell like stones, and often, though quite unconscious of it, his speech was a satire on the loose, voluminous, patch-work periods of other speakers. He sat down when he had done. A man of anecdote, his talk in the parlour was chiefly narrative. I remember the remark of a gentleman, who listened with much delight to his conversation, at the time when the Doctor was preparing to go to Baltimore and Washington, that "a man who could tell a story so well was company for kings and John Quincy Adams." With a very limited acquaintance with books, his knowledge was an external experience, an Indian wisdom, the observation of such facts as country life, for nearly a century, could supply. He watched with interest the garden, the field, the orchard, the house and the barn, horse, cow, sheep and dog, and all the common objects that engage the thought of the farmer. He kept his eye on the horizon, and knew the weather like a sea-captain. The usual experiences of men,—births, marriages, sickness, death, [illegible] the common temptations, the common ambitions, he studied them all, and sympathized so well to these that he was excellent company and counsel to all, even the most humble and ignorant. With extraordinary states of mind, with states of enthusiasm, or enlarged speculation, he had no sympathy and pretended to none. He was very sincere, and kept to his point, and his mark was never remote. His conversation was strictly personal, and apt to the person and the occasion. An emi[illegible] skill he had in saying [illegible]

ering to a man or a woman that which all their other friends had abstained from saying; in uncovering the bandage from a sore place, and applying the surgeon's knife with a truly surgical spirit. Was a man a sot, or a spendthrift, or too long time a batchelor, or suspected of some hidden crime, or had he quarrelled with his wife, or collared his father, or was there any cloud or suspicious circumstance in his behaviour, the good pastor knew his way straight to that point, believing himself entitled to a full explanation; and whatever relief to the conscience of both parties plain speech could effect, was sure to be procured. In all such passages he justified himself to the conscience, and commonly to the love, of the persons concerned. Many instances, in which he played a right manly part, and acquitted himself as a brave and wise man, will be long remembered. He was the more competent to these searching discourses, from his knowledge of family history. He knew everybody's grandfather, and seemed to talk with each person, rather as the representative of his house and name than as an individual. In him has perished more local and personal anecdote of this village and vicinity than is possessed by any survivor. This intimate knowledge of families, and this skill of speech, and still more his sympathy, made him incomparable in his parochial visits, and in his exhortations and prayers with sick and suffering persons. He gave himself up to his feeling, and said on the instant the best things in the world. Many and many a felicity he had in his prayer, now forever lost, which defied all the rules of all the rhetoricians. He did not know when he was good in prayer or sermon, for he had no literature and no art; but he believed, and therefore spoke.

He was eminently loyal in his nature, and not fond of adventure or innovation. By education, and still more by temperament, he was engaged to the old forms of the New England Church. Not speculative, but affectionate; devout, but with an extreme love of order, he adopted heartily, though in its mildest forms, the creed and catechism of the fathers, and appeared a modern Israelite in his attachment to the Hebrew history and faith. Thus he seemed, in his constitutional leaning to their religion, one of the rear-guard of the great camp and army of the Puritans; and now, when all the old platforms and customs of the Church were losing their hold in the affections of men, it was fit that he should depart, fit that, in the fall of laws, a loyal man should die.

Yours, with great respect,

R. W. EMERSON.

FROM THE REV. G. W. HOSMER, D. D.

Buffalo, March 14, 1861.

Dear Sir: Last evening I attended an Old Folks' Concert; the ancient music brought back to me my old Pastor, Dr. Ripley, with striking distinctness; and memories of him have so filled my mind, pleasant and grateful memories, that I will now fulfil the request you made to me when I last saw you, and give you some of my impressions.

Dr Ripley filled the town to which he ministered. Nearly fifty years he was the only minister in Concord, with a parish of about two thousand souls; and to me and my cotemporaries, he seemed as much a part of the town as its hills and rivers. He was settled in the days of my great-grandfather, and five generations of my family were partakers in the benefits of his ministry.

In my earliest recollections, he appears the active, urgent, imperative man, always doing, as I supposed, just right; but doing just as he pleased. Sometimes, his imperativeness became very stern, whether towards circumstances, animals, or men. When I was a boy, he had a horse he called Cæsar, a magnificent animal, but so wilful and vicious that none but Dr. Ripley could control him. The violent creature trembled at the voice of his master. With that horse he did wonders. A young man, in whom he was interested, was about to fight a duel in Boston; Dr. R. did not hear of it until about three hours and a half before the meeting was to have taken place, and he reached Boston, eighteen miles, in season to prevent it.

An Ordination at Sudbury, six miles from Concord, occurred on the day of a severe snow storm. The roads were blocked up, and snow filled the air. My home was on the way from Concord to Sudbury, and we thought nobody could go to the Ordination that day; but, at length, all in good season, (for he was never late,) came Dr. Ripley on his way, mounted on Cæsar, man and horse leaping through the drifts and storm, followed by his two delegates—they must go, since Dr. Ripley would. So the Ordination was accomplished. At this time the Doctor must have been nearly sixty years old.

He was of a vigorous family, nineteen brothers and sisters. Whether they all were as compactly formed, and energetic, and keen in every perception, as was the Doctor, I know not. A sister of his I once met, and when I told her that I was of her brother's parish, she fixed her eyes upon me, and called me at once by my mother's name. I told her she was half right—that was my mother's name. "I thought so," said she; "nearly forty years ago I met your mother, I presume, when she and I were girls of seventeen, at my brother's house in Concord."

Dr. Ripley was born to govern. Sometimes this appeared when it should not. Two ladies of the parish were spending the afternoon with Mrs. Ripley, in the good way of the old times; one of them had a little boy, and no servants at home to take care of him, and she took him with her; but, unhappily, the young rogue took advantage of his mother's desire to have peace, in the minister's house at least, and played off his naughtiness, until the Doctor took the culprit, carried him away, and whipped him; causing much grief and indignation to the poor mother, and not a little fear, I presume, to the young rebel.

When Dr Ripley was a young man, his imperative will gave trouble for him and others; but he learned to limit and modify his imperativeness, so that his parish was unitedly attached to him, and unanimously harmonious. They were willing he should have his way, because they had the fullest confidence in his integrity. Sometimes there was a ripple. The Doctor liked the old custom of putting up notes after the birth of children, and insisted on its continuance, long after it had ceased in neighbouring parishes; and, in defence of the custom, he preached so terribly about the perils of child-birth, that the village physicians feared the effects upon the nerves of those most deeply interested. At length Mr. H——, a Deacon of the church, was bold enough to carry out an infant for Baptism in the church, without having put up a note. The Doctor saw the whole ground, planted himself on his principle ....

THE CHARLES RIVER

by Stephen Tudor

[Pvt. Tudor, a member of the Emerson Society, is stationed in Ludwigsburg, Germany. He has a high regard for both Emerson and Thoreau. He is the author of a volume, Transient and Other Poems, Hartford, 1955.]

It is five miles
Through Cambridge and Boston
Down the slow Charles.
Grass and trees and paths
Embroider the river
Within its children towns
Which now, prodigally,
Jostle sky with brick.
Near Lethe's dream,
Near roars of traffic,
I walk the shore
Of a river
Dividing the city.
The planet circles
To an autumn morning,
The water sparkles,
And small bits of ice
Invest frosty banks,
Tempting to turn me
Off scoring streets
Where no cycle echoes
But sounds a frailty.
Few stroll here now
For most lack the time
In the harried arena
Where bells alarm hours
For editor and sweep,
Carpenter and clerk,
Where, dreams shaming, I
Would labor with them.
Alone I witness here
Quick skies, river curves,
And the morning sun
On hoary grass.
And I cannot walk
For a long way here.
If in the length
Of this river walk
There is a destination
It will not answer
The whole that I desire,
For here I cannot grasp
The closer words and signs
That would salute
A hot, and nerved,
And blood-kin animus,
Present now to clasp
Penetrate, and know.
I turn to the city
For I am not buoyed long
On the water-scape
Of the deep, chill, current
Where the city is riven,
And I would fain risk
The forsaken tree
Than sink in the deep
Of a perfect solitude.

[The following poem, in praise of Nature, offers an alternative to the Logos doctrine of orthodox Christianity. We know that our Transcendental readers will find merit in it.]

GENESIS (CHRISTMAS, 1955) by Tudor

O, rapt, the turning seasons sang that haunt,
The wood where first through soft blown boughs
Rose embers from the flesh of mortal flame

To shine, flick out, sift down, and strew as dust
The foliate earth, in light by words begun
Made men by work and legacy of word.

Around that motley blaze, immortal fire,
Through twining branches, doves winged lightly by,
And crows patrolled, apace, the burning hearts.

Each dusk fell, silver, turquoise, jeweled,
To silhouette, for men, with ready poise
The shadowed land too bright a sun had cloaked.

And as the green, imprinted, throng, the leaves
Which lived with light, had masked the rooted frames,
The skeletons of stalk and trunk and stem,

So too were hid white bones in flesh or ground
Which danced and spun their steps and spans, unknown
By logos's lamp, in soundless ancient round.

From atoms turned to earth conceived design
Were we returned by that large artisan,
His careless fruits new bounty for what cause?

PRIVILEGES AT THE BOSTON ATHENAEUM: HAWTHORNE, MISS PEABODY AND SAMPSON REED

by the Editor

The following letters throw additional light upon the importance of the Boston Athenaeum for literary men and women throughout the nineteenth century. They are edited here with the permission of that institution, which has the originals in its files:

Boston Nov. 22nd '51

Dear Sir,
I wish you would be good enough to give Mr Hawthorne a ticket of admission to the Athenaeum for one year from date, by virtue of my privileges as a Proprietor.
Yours truly
Charles Sumner

Charles Folsom Esq
Librarian of the
Athenaeum
[Envelope]

Boston June 16, 1851

Dear Sir
Will you be so kind as [to] admit my friend S. L. Waldo Esq & friends to the Atheneum & allow them to see the picture gallery & take a view of the City from the summit. Your attentions to them will particularly oblige me.
Very Truly Yours
Sampson Reed

To The President and Trustees of The Boston Atheneum,
The subscriber respectfully requests that for six months from this time the use of the library of the Atheneum may be allowed to Miss E. P. Peabody, who is engaged in preparing a work on History for the use of Schools.
Geo. B. Emerson
Nov. 1, 1832.

ELLEN TUCKER EMERSON TO JOHN PAGE HOPPS ON EMERSON'S POETRY

by the Editor

The following letters, owned by the present writer, were written to an Englishman who had known Emerson and who had, on one occasion, sent him a letter dated May 2, 1873. (It is now in the Houghton Library.)

Concord, 27 Aug. 1903

Dear Mr Hopps,
I was glad to hear from you once more, and am interested to read in the little magazine the notice of your marriage. I send my congratulations and best wishes. I thank you for the article on my Father's poetry, it pleases me that you have read it and have become a lover of it. Also that you pair the verses with Bible words. When I was a child a friend said to me, "Your Father repeats the Bible truths, but in new language so as to awaken attention to them. They sound so familiar in the old words that people accept them sleepily and do not take them in."
We always remember your visit to Concord and shall be glad to see you when you come again.
Yours truly,
Ellen T. Emerson.

Concord, 13 Feb. 1904.

Dear Mr & Mrs Hopps,
I thank you for your kind & cordial invitation, and if ever I come to England it will give me pleasure to visit you. My Mother died at the age of ninety. I thank you for your remembrance of her.
Yours truly,
Ellen T. Emerson.

SOME COLLECTIONS OF EMERSON MANUSCRIPTS (PART THREE)

By the Editor.

The following inventory covers the important collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1154 Boylston Street, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

LETTER TO:

n. y., Oct. 6 Mrs. Horace Mann (née Mary T. Peabody), arranging to meet Mr. Sarmiente.
1831, Dec. 14 [ ]
1835, Nov. 6 George Bancroft. Speaks of Carlyle and Bancroft's History of the United States.
1836, March 3 Alexander Young. Introducing Aaron D. Capen.
1836, Oct. 12 Edward Everett. About Everett's gift to the Concord Social Library.
1837, Apr. 24 Convers Francis
1839, June 17 Abel Adams
1840, Oct. 14 Abel Adams [ments.
1844, Jan. 11 George E. Ellis. About lyceum engage-
1844, Sept. 19 Rufus W. Griswold. About literary activities.
1844, Dec. 6 William Davis. About lecturing before the Plymouth Lyceum.
1846, Jan. 12 William Davis. Lecture engagements.
1846, Jan. 28 William Davis. Lecture engagements.
1846, June 25 Edward Everett. About Carlyle.
1848, Mar. 9 George Bancroft. About American and English naval expenditures.
1849, April 24 Edward Everett. [rels.
1849, May 12 Richard H. Dana, Jr. About Club quar-
1850, Feb. 27 William Davis. Lecturing in Plymouth.
1850, Mar. 5 George Bancroft. Letter of Introd.
1852, Jan. 1 William Davis.
1853, May 9 George Bancroft. About Delia S. Bacon.
1855, Jan. 22 Edward Everett.
1855, Nov. 24 Edward Everett.
1856? Jan. 13 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, Mar. 4 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, Mar. 17 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, Mar. 18 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, Mar. 26 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, Apr. 1 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, Apr. 7 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, Apr. 22 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, May 7 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.
1856, May 15 Horatio Woodman. About lectures.

1856, June 30 Horatio Woodman. About meeting of the Saturday Club in Boston.
1856, Aug. 7 George Bancroft. Visit to Newport.
1857, Jan. 1 Richard H. Dana, Jr.
1857, Dec. 10 Caroline H. Dall. Re. Delia S. Bacon.
1858, Feb. 23 Henry W. Bellows. In defence of the Rev. Daniel Foster.
1858, Feb. 26 Francis Parkman.
1858, May 24 George Bancroft. About new volume of his history.
1858, July 1 George Bancroft. Visit to Newport.
1858, July 2 George Bancroft. Visit to Newport.
1859, [ ] Horatio Woodman. Boston lectures.
1859?, Feb. 28 Horatio Woodman. Re. Gen'l Barlow.
1859?, Mar. 9 Horatio Woodman.
1859?, Apr. 20 Horatio Woodman. Saturday Club.
1859?, May 24 Horatio Woodman. About proceeds from his Boston lectures.
1859?, July 7 Horatio Woodman. About wine.
1859, Oct. 6 Horatio Woodman. Dinner party.
1859, Oct. 8 Horatio Woodman. Dinner party.
186-?, Oct. 23 Elizabeth Peabody. About sending her manuscript to the Atlantic.
1860?, Nov. 5 George S. Boutwell.
1861, Jan. 1 George Bancroft. Their writings.
1861, Jan. 12 George Bancroft.
1862?, Mar. 24 Horatio Woodman. Ticket for Alcott.
1862, June 11 Edward Everett.
1862, July 8 Edward Everett.
1862, July 10 Edward Everett.
1862, Oct. 14 Horatio Woodman. About an investment.
1863, May 11 Elizabeth Peabody. About tributes to his Aunt.
1863, Sept. 28 George Bancroft. Growing pears.
1864, Feb. 8 Edward Everett.
1864, Feb. 29 [ ] Enclosing slips.
1864, Apr. 6 Edward Everett.
1864, Apr. 6 George Bancroft. Saturday Club's Shakespeare Dinner.
1864, Apr. 6 George Bancroft. [Second letter of this date to Bancroft.]
1864, Oct. 27 George Bancroft. About attending the Century Club's tribute to Bryant.
1865, Feb. 21 Horatio Woodman. About lecture tour.
1865, May 28 Mrs. Horace T. Mann (née Mary T. Peabody). Regrets inability to meet Mr. Sarmiento.
1865, July 29 Charles G. Loring.
1865, Aug. 15 Mrs. Horace Mann. On life of Horace Mann.
1866, Jan. 9 Anson Burlingame
1866, May 17 Horace Mann, Jr. About herbarium.
1866, May 25 Horace Mann, Jr. About monument in Concord and the development of a herbarium.
1866, Oct. 13 George Bancroft. About the new volume of his History.
1866, Dec. 13 Mr. Wood. About drive for funds for Memorial Hall. [tion.
1867, Aug. 16 George Bancroft. Letter of introduc-
1867, Sept. 27 Caroline H. Dall. About her new book.
1867, Sept. 29 Horace Mann, Jr. About a plant case.
1867, Oct. 16 Richard H. Dana, Jr.
1868, July 16 Mrs. Samuel E. Sewall. About lectures to a woman's club.
1869, June 24 Mrs. Horace Mann (née Mary T. Peabody) About receiving a selection of plants from Horace Mann, Jr.
1870, Feb. 24 Richard H. Dana, Jr. About nomination of Mr. Fisk to Harvard faculty.
1871, Feb. 14 Mrs. Horace Mann (née Mary T. Peabody) Invites her to his lectures.
1871, Aug. 1 Robert C. Winthrop.
1871, Dec. 17 George Bancroft. About Emerson's son, Edward. [porters.
1872, Mar. 25 Mrs. Cheney. His opposition to re-
1872, Aug. 2 Francis Cabot Lowell. Thanks him for a proffered gift, occasioned by the loss of his house by fire on July 24. (Telegram from the Japanese Committee.)
1872?, Sept. 24 Richard H. Dana, Jr.
1874, Dec. 21 George Bancroft. About his literary activity.
1875, Mar. 12 George Bancroft. About the centennial of the Battles of Lexington and Concord.
1875, Aug. 5 George Bancroft. About a visit to Newport.
1875, Oct. 9 Caroline H. Dall.
1875, Oct. 28 Caroline H. Dall.
1875, Dec. 6 George E. Ellis. Re. C. W. Upham.
1877, Mar. 13 Caroline H. Dall.
1877, June 15 Caroline H. Dall. About an Indian photograph.
1878, June 19 Robert C. Winthrop.
1879, Feb. 17 John O. Sargent. Regrets that old age makes impossible his attendance at dinner of Harvard Club of N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS MANUSCRIPTS:

1873, Dec. 16 "Boston"——a poem read in Faneuil Hall on the anniversary of the destruction of the Tea.
1880, August His signature in a petition to the Secretary of State, signed by authors and publishers, uring a copyright treaty. [National Archives Facsimile, no. 15]
1818. Song written for the Supper of the Freshman Class at the close of the College year. Copied by Josiah P. Quincy from a College Commonplace Book.

REFERENCES TO EMERSON IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF OTHERS:

[ ], Aug. 21. In Josiah P. Quincy's letter to Elizabeth Peabody about Miss Williams' brilliant letter and about Emerson's thoughts on slavery, his philosophy, etc.
1836, Sept. 28 etc. Emerson is mentioned in three letters to Mrs. Horace Mann (née Mary T. Peabody) received from G——— [Sarah Jane Gould?]
1837? Emerson is mentioned in Mary T. Peabody to Horace Mann. His lectures in Salem.
[ ] K. P. C. Sutton, "A Memory of Emerson."
1837, Sept. 17 J. H. Eliot to Amos A. Lawrence.
1845, Aug. 2 Edward Everett to Mrs. Nathan Hale.
1849, May Edward Everett to the Duchess of Argyll.
1852, Aug. 23 Edward Everett to Samuel Osgood.
1852, Aug. 27 Edward Everett to Samuel Osgood.
186-, Oct. 24 Henry James to Elizabeth Peabody. Gives his opinion of Freeman Clarke, Emerson, Hedge and the respectable people of Boston.
1863, July 30 Henry James to Elizabeth Peabody about the war experiences of his son; mentions Robert G. Shaw and Cabot Russell; asks whether Emerson has said anything about his book.
1868 Habits of Emerson's family, set forth by Lucy Oliver, a helper in the family.
1880, June 22 W. T. Harris to George W. Cooke about oriental strains in Emerson's philosophy.
1882, May 8 E. R. Hoar to George E. Ellis about Emerson's oratorical powers.
1882, May 9 T. W. Higginson to John D. Long about a proposed celebration of Emerson's birthday; comments on Emerson's funeral service.

1883, Aug. 11 Oliver Wendell Holmes to John Osborne Sargent about his work on Emerson etc.
1888, Nov. 19 The Rev. William H. Lyon's sermon on the life of R. W. E.

INCANDESCENT STAR——— RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[Passages from a lecture frequently delivered before Kiwanis clubs, Rotary clubs and Rosicrucian rallies in Boston and New York by the Hon. Aaron G. Cohen, 471 Fern Street, West Hartford 7, Connecticut. Mr. Cohen is himself a founder of an Emerson Society and has through the years supported important civic enterprises.]

Time is truth's testimony. And time continues to substantiate Ralph Waldo Emerson's claim that "Man is his own star...." The rounding out of over 150 years since his birth reveals ever-increasing evidences that our American way of life is advancing towards greater comprehension of Emerson's sweetened reasoning. It has taken America a long time to evaluate the profound sense of her own prophet, born in 1803....

Time continues to make clearer his image of the unified world of East and West, which absorbs the best from each. Nothing from the past that has been great and good will be lost if that something can contribute to the making of a better way of life—a better future. It becomes increasingly apparent that the day of unity is nearer....

Emerson in his writings combined learning from the Jewish Talmud and his study of the East to exemplify a way of living that could take its best from the East without discarding the best from the West.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM AND EMERSON——SOME NEW EVIDENCE

By the Editor

Since 1911, scholars have assumed that the Letters to William Allingham[1] represents a definitive record of the epistolary exchanges between the English poet and his many now-famous correspondents. The editors of that compilation, however, seem to have omitted documents that did not cast a favorable light upon Allingham or that revealed him as importunate for some of the replies that distinguish the volume. The section on Emerson,[2] accordingly, begins with an incomplete missive from Allingham, dated Dec. 5, 1847—the earliest note extant, but evidently not the first he addressed to Emerson. The lost paper must have resembled in tone Allingham's plea of January 10, 1848, omitted by the editors for reasons that will be apparent. In addition, Allingham's letter of October 12, 1851, if a careful copy of the original now in my possession may be trusted, was allowed by the editors to appear without its strongest passages. They completely omitted from the collection, moreover, Allingham's last two letters to Emerson (dated Oct. 9, 1870, and Sept. 6, 1875). I shall here edit all five documents completely, with thanks to the Houghton Library for supplying me with photostats of the fourth and fifth. (The three early ones are in my private collection.)

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1 Letters to William Allingham, ed. H. Allingham and E. Baumer Williams, London &c., 1911. Also useful to the scholar is: William Allingham: A Diary, ed. Helen Allingham and D. Radford, London, 1907.
2 Pages 41-48.

Donegal, Ireland;
5th December 1847

Sir

I am much gratified by hearing from you, & still more by your allowing me to write again. I fear England does not on the whole receive you fitly: though very many must feel earnestly the presence among them of a man able to drag Thoughts & Things once more into contact. "The Athenaeum" Weekly Review, the most influential one now, I believe in England, alludes to your arrival only in a disrespectful sentence. The Editor thereof is a shrewd, prosaic, calm, harsh, sensible, 'insensible' man, who in his Review of your volume of Poems publd by Chapman (in which by the by, are several bad typographical errors) says; after praising the language; that in "The Problem"——the why? is exactly what we are at a loss to guess. Now this from one who ex officio is supposed to be acquainted with your writings, is rather humiliating to us all. And yet he is the best, certainly of all our weekly critics and those who are not of his party are, nine tenths,—softheaded, mawkish, mock-enthusiastic people— Apropos of "The Athenaeum" I remember being much amused some time ago by an article on "Pippa Passes" a poem by Robert Browning—in which the Reviewer by way of curt explanation says——"i.e. passes before the reader."——whereas the whole gist of the Poem, (expressed in the Title, & in itself striking) is that Pippa, a poor girl, by passing with a song in her mouth, certain people, at a crisis; influences unconsciously their whole future fortunes.

Let this lead me to speak of the verses I sent you—— I am anxious to hope that yr opinion is only applicable to the particular—and am able to do so partly because I did a foolish natural thing in sending you the work of that morning: and partly because I believe that weakness of expression (such as I can now see in them) is not my failing. I would willingly risk sending more, in my wish for encouragement from you (though I must respectfully say that as to the art of Poetry in metres &c, I think I would differ from your opinions——Goethe defend me!) but convenience (on both sides) is against what I might choose for a good specimen. I hope sometime to set out my mind in a dress of printed leaves—— like Hoffmann's witch— My notion of style is to have as many choice extracts as your taste can give you out of the "Book of Nature" and as little "private interpretation" of the Texts as possible. In subject, I have more of a new thing than is common at present; & of the best sort in one way—being a subject I am living in. I mean to try something like Irish Idyls—but not to be efforts at Irishism, but at Nature with the (necessary) local coloring. In Politics, I am uninterested: I feel as if they were important, but somebody else's business—— In "Religion" I have disgust at Romanism, & contempt at Protestantism—as isms— and as I am interested here, I must speak. Yet I must not for-

get that it is (likely) impossible for the mass to do without a Form of belief——the strongest minds only can live in constant doubt. Show a perfect novelty to a Man & he recognizes—his Ignorance: to a Child, & he gives it an instant name out of his existing vocabulary—

I hope to be favoured with another note from you- May I ask if this be your first visit to England? & if you have ever been in Ireland?

I have been anxious to accept your permission to write to you—but unexpected circumstances have prevented my writing until this evening—

I am Respectfully & Sincerely
Yours
William Allingham.

P.S. Having a spare side I fill it with a Sketch.

Morning.

The wind shakes up the sleepy clouds
To kiss the ruddied Morn;
And from their awful misty shrouds
The Mountains are new-born.
The Sea lies fresh with open eyes;
Night-fears & moaning dreams
Brooding like clouds on nether skies,
Have sunk below; & beams
Dance on the floor like golden flies,
Or strike with joyful gleams
Some white-winged Ship,—a wandering Star
Of Ocean, piloting afar.

The Brakes, the Woods, the Cottage-eaves
With early birds are rife;
Quick voices thrill the sprinkled leaves
In thankful joy of life;
With silent gratitude of flowers
The young Day's breath is sweet,
And cooled with dew, that freshly showers
Round wild things' hasty feet.
But the heavenly guests of quiet hours
To inner skies retreat,
From daylight thoughts of lower birth
That 'gin to waken on the earth.

———

Donegal, Ireland,
10th of Jan^{ry} 1848.

I write this, perhaps unwarrantably, in answer to your S i l e n c e . I am anxious to get, if possible, out of the thought of having by addressing you become to you something worse than nothing. In thinking over the matter, what I come to is, that having answered me and hinted permission to speak again; you discovered, on my speaking again, that instead of a man saluting you, it was one of the plague of the time attempting to fasten on you,—— one of those to whom it would be wiser to give (as regards their author-existence) the thumb-nails than the hand.

I do not want to deprecate this view——only to assure you that a s m a n, or youngling,—— not a u t h o r ling——I addressed you. How far my latter tendency may be the product of the shiny fecundity of the present times, or of an inborn anxiety to explain myself which would have said something, more or less, in any times; is, as we say in Ireland—"my own, yet," for I believe that, to self, and to others, my "Quarterings" are not, as yet, fixed.

I think I can see that if you were once convinced that I was drawn to you——partly, I suppose, by vanity——but certainly very much by warm respect, founded on if not complete yet overaverage appreciation; you would find reasons of t w o kinds for taking a favourable view of the matter.

What do I want t h e n ? —— you to write me, if you please, a line or two in answer to this, and there, I suppose, an end. I do not know where you are at present, so must wait till I find out. I wrote to the Secretary of the Manchester Athenaeum, asking but got no answer.

(With true respect)

William Allingham.

[The above reached Emerson in "Feb. 1848" and is so endorsed in his hand.]

———

Ballyshannon, Ireland,
12th of October, 1851

My dear Sir,

I cannot tell you how glad I was to receive a letter from you, whom I think of so often— I believe frequently every day; perhaps with the most personal warmth when looking from some bank or sand-hill out over the sea where the first land is America. Your friends too whom you mention are not strangers to me. The "Concord and Merrimack" is a favourite book with me (I see it on its shelf), & the authors "Life in the Woods"* I have ordered, in vain, through Chapman of London. By the way, it is often hard to get American books, even in London. I spent several weeks of the summer in that city & became acquainted with some of our eminent literary men. Tennyson, I found, with his wife, in a quiet old-fashioned mansion near Richmond (which he has since left to roam in France and Italy). His wife, an old friend of his, sister to the wife of his brother, Mr Charles Tennyson, seemed a gentle feminine spirit. I thought of her and half saw her as a girl (she approaches middle age) as we sat together in the evening. I believe they love each other very much. You dont want gossip?——I confess to liking it myself. Carlyle's company I enjoy immensely, and his wife's too I like. Amidst his atmosphere, frowns & laughters, is the finest upland exercise, climbing rocks, & racing half rolling down hillocks. Knowing him, too, his books have become twice as enjoyable; one can see real fire spurting in every emphasis, and recognize undoubtingly the faintest sly twinkle of humour,—will o' the wisps and volcanoes together! Yet his books also seem but pails of water from a river (I have got out of my element in the simile)— & I can say that of no one else that I have seen as yet.

Landor I was glad to find hale in look, voice, and mind. I believe him to be truly and rarely noble. I look forward to seeing him again, though, at his age, he remarked, a year is a long time to count upon. I spent some days at University Hall with

Clough, whom I had seen last year also; but he is secret as an oyster. Opens a little at certain times of the tide, but snaps to again in a jiffy if touched, and maybe bites your finger. I think him in a morbid state, from whatever cause. May the disease at least prove to be a pearl! He has Mr Thoreau's book in his room, and likes it. (N.B. I do not mention this as one of his morbid symptoms.) He corrected his copy of your Poems after my one, which was corrected after Sutton's.

Thackeray is the best social man-of-the-world I know, or can imagine almost. I could not before I met him have fancied it possible that I should ever recollect him with tenderness, as I sometimes do. His peculiar experience and insight are from and to artificial life, but they are far-reaching & sharp enough to cut through it here and there. He thought of visiting your country this year, but has, I hear, put it off till next.

Lest I may already have said too much, I will merely mention the names of Coventry Patmore, Henry Sutton, Thomas Woolner (the young sculptor) to add that these, with a host of other excellent acquaintances, have sprung (a friendly Cadmaean crop) out of the few written words which passed between you and me when you were in England. I sent you "the Pilot's Daughter" (whence it comes that I pleased myself with putting it in the front of my volume) which you showed to Patmore and to Clough. Sutton was also named by you, & to him, some months after, I was consequently impelled to write. He answered, and said he had been thinking of writing to <u>me</u>, & so we made (I trust) the commencement of a friendship. I visited him at Colchester & he introduced me by letter to Patmore at the Br. Museum, & so it went on.

Sutton married last Christmas. I slept in his little house at Manchester on my return from London in July. His wife has a mild, good face——which I seemed almost to recollect, so familiar it came, though the reverse of common. I suppose it a typical face. She has a deformity of body which makes her walk very awkwardly, but it not visible when she is seated.

I was glad to find that Mr Ireland, one of Sutton's newspaper employers, valued him highly. I can scarcely believe that my verses have pleased so well. If I hope to produce anything of excellence it is chiefly through capability in <u>form</u> & attention to it. You mustn't call me "little prig" whilst I try to crack my nut! At the same time I firmly hold that the best of a poem (too) comes from beyond and above the writer's consciousness, and feel disgust at Frankensteinish researches into "the vital principles of Poetry." But this is a subject not to be opened at the foot of a letter.

Shall I again hear from you? I of course do not proffer to exchange correspondence with you, but pray you to consider sometimes, at a favourable moment, that you can confer important pleasure & benefit by sending a few lines over hither. I have no one to converse with here——which perhaps accounts for my writing chat. I would like to know what is the best American literary record or Review; & if you now contribute to any such. May it be hoped that your lectures on Domestic Life, & on England, shall shortly be printed? I hear with interest of the Memorials of Margaret Fuller, whose name is an honoured and household one with me. I have her Essay on Women.

Believe me yours with warm respect and affection

W. Allingham.

London S.W.
18 Neville Street
Brompton.

Sunday
Oct 9, 1870.

My dear sir

I ought to have written to you long ago. I beg you to accept my hearty thanks for those welcome gifts of 'May Day, &c' and the new edition of your Prose Works—— if I waited longer in the hope of saying something adequate I might never write at all.

I have taken up my abode in London since April last—to try it for a year. Perhaps it is that I am getting old, but London society does not seem to me improving in manners, conversation & literature, nor England. London is much Frenchified since I first knew it. Yet it takes little to heart the punishment now falling on the Lower Empire & its 'capital of civilization.' The newspapers sell fiftyfold, & there is some languid talk of better drilling the Volunteers. Speculative thought busies itself with problems of physical science, & old Religious Orthodoxy is slowly sinking like a waterlogged ship.

My chief companion is Carlyle. I had long walks with him, selves-two, on Monday Tuesday & yesterday, from Cheyne Row to Hyde Park & back. He has grown quite old, without as yet any worse failure than dimmed eyes & a shaking hand with which he would fain write oftener. Dictating is irksome to him. Mental sight & memory clear as ever, & his affections deeper & warmer with lapse of time.

I hear from him much to agree with & no little to disagree from—try to keep my necessary protests within the narrowest limits—feel constant regard & veneration—& get on pretty comfortably with my dear benevolent old tyrant. He often has a friendly word to say of you.

Of myself there is nothing to tell. I have got free of life-long office work & go on writing a line a day, with no apparent result. I was glad when an American edition of my poems was published, but now find it block[s] the way to putting out a better & much larger collection, which no publisher here or there will meddle with. I should not look for any money from it.

Ruskin is here now, in his house at Denmark Hill, preparing more Art Lectures for his Oxford chair. I often see Mr[s] Clough & her 3 children, Florence, 13, Arthur, 11, Blanche Athena, 9.

Believe me, dear sir, yours ever gratefully

W. Allingham

Eastbourne, Sussex,
England Sept 6. 1875

Dear M[r] Emerson

"Parnassus" was gratefully received, & will remain an object of special interest among our posses-

sions. I make no criticism, save that 'Will you, pet?' in The Bird, should be 'Will you pet?' (i.e Will you be a pet?) a common phrase in Ireland, allowable or not.

Carlyle, with his niece Mary Aitken, is at a cottage in Kent (Keston Lodge, Beckenham) lent him by Lord Derby, and we hear of him sleeping & eating well. For books his appetite has never failed. We see him often in London, our house being only two streets away (12 Trafalgar Square, Chelsea), and my Wife who is an artist by profession—we are a year and a fortnight married—has made a good watercolour sketch of him reading in his little back garden in dressing-gown & slippers.

For our part, we are in a lodging here in the Old Town, about a mile from the new seaside terraces, the slope of the South Downs behind us. My wife paints in the open air; I go on editing 'Fraser,' which is on the whole better than the Custom House, but more fatiguing mentally, & try sometimes to catch one of the butterfly poems that waver in the autumnal air.

And now I will venture to ask of you a favour. Mr Benjamin Leigh Smith, whose sister Mme Barbara Leigh Smith Bodichon is an old friend of mine, starts for Boston tomorrow. He is a worthy English country gentleman, unmarried, moderately rich, very taciturn, with a latent store of practical knowledge of various kinds. He is a great seafarer, & has made two expeditions on his own account towards the North Pole, with results recognized by the Scientific World; and from this you will know what manner of men & things are likeliest to suit him. If you can do anything for him it will be for a deserving man, & will also add to my many obligations to you.

I have written also to Mr W H Forbes, your son in law, of Mr Leigh Smith's coming—addressing my letter to "Milltown, near Boston," &c which I hope is correct. Mr Leigh Smith's address at first will be Post Office, Boston.

I trust all is well in your house, and in your Son's too. With kindest regards to Miss Emerson & to him, Believe me

Ever gratefully yours

W Allingham /

[The following footnote belongs with the letter of Oct. 12, 1851, on page 24 above:]

* Perhaps Mr Thoreau will, if it be convenient, send me this book? It could come through John Chapman, Strand, London, at my charge. I fear my volume cost you for carriage. The packet containing it was misaddressed by a person in London.

EMERSON MANUSCRIPTS——UNGATHERED AND MIGRANT

(PART TWO) By the Editor

79 **EMERSON, RALPH W.** Am. essayist & poet. A.L.S., 1 full p. 4to, Concord, Aug. 30, 1842. To Ira M. Barton at the Worcester Lyceum. $32.50

Choice early letter, in very attractive condition, concerning Emerson's lectures on English literature, for which he wants $20 each. Quarto letters of Emerson are extremely scarce!

80 **EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.** Am. poet and essayist. A.L.S., 2 pp. 8vo, Concord, Nov. 20, 1865. To A. T. Goodman. Concerning his lectures in Indianapolis, Richmond, Cincinnati, Harrisburg, and Trenton. Very fine! $15.00

[Cat. 8 (1956): Charles Hamilton Autographs, 515 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.]

HOLOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF "DAYS"

66 **EMERSON, RALPH W.** American poet and essayist. Holograph manuscript of his poem, "Days," 11 lines, on one p., 8vo. N.P., n.d. $75.00

Fine manuscript of a poem which first appeared in "May-Day and other Pieces," 1867, beginning:

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes. . . ."

EMERSON URGES WENDELL PHILLIPS TO RUN FOR CONGRESS

67 **EMERSON, RALPH W.** American author. A.L.s. 4 full pp., 8vo. Concord, 23 September 1866. .. $60.00

To Wendell Phillips. An extremely fine political letter in which Emerson urges Phillips to respond to the wishes of his friends and run for Congress, his duty to do so and his fitness for office. He writes also: "You enter the canvass with one advantage—to lose the election would damage a political man, but cannot hurt you. Then if it were not for the extreme need at this hour of character and counsel at Washington, I should look beyond, & say—if this design is carried into full effect, it fortifies every good step taken, & ripens good hopes, not here only, but in England, in Italy, in Protestant and liberal Germany. . . ."

With envelope.

[Cat. 207 (Spring, 1956): Carnegie Book Shop, 140 East 59th St., New York 22, N.Y.]

AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT
STANZA FROM OMAR

119 **EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.** American Author. Autograph manuscript, signed. 1 page, 12mo. Concord, April 15, 1852. Autograph manuscript of one of the two stanzas from Omar Khayyam translated by Emerson. $27.50

"Unbar the door, since thou the Opener art,
Show me the forward way, since thou art guide,
I put no faith in pilot or in chart,
Since they are transient, and thou dost abide."

[Cat. 182 (Oct., 1953): Carnegie Book Shop, 140 East 59th Street, New York 22, N. Y.]

120 **EMERSON, R. W.** American Author. A.L.s. 3 full pages, 12mo. Concord, February 10, 1871. To Mrs. A. G. Gardner explaining that in his rush to catch the Great Western for Detroit could not send her the lines she wished. ". . . on arriving in Detroit, actually wrote out some lines of the little poem I send you to-day;—when my memory failed me in one line, & the paper was burned. . . ." $17.50

172 **EMERSON, RALPH W.** American author. A.L.s. 3-3/4pp., 8vo. November 12, 1871. $40.00

To a Miss Anne Whitney, the sculptor. Long and interesting letter regarding a "dilemma" posed by a request by Anne Whitney and Joseph Milmore to pose for a bust. He writes in part: "It occurs to me the question—Is it possible to sit to you, & to Milmore, at the same time? in the same room? Or is this only comic, with the addition to the humour, that the sitter knew that his figure might surely dissappoint the genius of the artists?. . . ."

[Cat. 212 (Dec., 1956) Carnegie Book Shop]

173 **EMERSON, R. W.** Distinguished American author. A.L.s. 2 full p., 8vo. 23 October (18)74. Sold

To an unnamed recipient regarding a meeting of the Committee of Rhetoric. Long letter urging him "not to come for this day, & its short & easy duties; rather save your good will for visits to the college itself when the new "Tabular Views" which are not yet quite ready are sent to you. . . ."

139 **EMERSON, R. W.** American Author & Poet. Autograph Ms, signed, "R. Waldo Emerson," 5 lines, 1 page, 12mo. Concord, March 21, 1870. 15.00

Begins: "No fate, save by the victim's fault, is low..."

[Cat. 146 Carnegie Book Shop]

56 EMERSON (R. W.). Essayist & Poet. Autograph Letter Signed, 1 1/2pp., 12mo, Concord, November 17, n.y., to H. W. Longfellow. Inviting him to dinner to meet Arthur Hugh Clough, English poet and author of the immortal "Say not the struggle not availeth". A splendid association item. $22.50.

[List No. 51. Robert K. Black, 109 Lorraine Avenue, Upper Montclair, New Jersey.]

Autograph MS. of the poem, "Each and All," comprising 81 lines written on three 4to pages. Bound in a 4to volume, full blue Morocco.

Autograph MS. of the poem, "The Amulet," comprising 3 verses of 4 lines each.

Autograph MS. of the poem, "Alphonso of Castile," written in ink on 4pp. 4to. ca. 1847.

[Sold from the Henry S. Borneman Collection by Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., November 1-2, 1955. Sale No. 1620.]

Two Autograph Letters by George William Curtis, addressed to F. B. Sanborn. Together 7pp. 12mo. N.Y., 1857 and 1859. They refer to Sanborn's project for a Concord School. Included are the following: "I beg to be most warmly remembered to Mr. Emerson, and I hope Mrs. Emerson has not altogether forgotten the tall boy who used to eat apples in her front—or rather her back-yard." "Remember me to Thoreau, if that Cato-Osceola does not despise such messages."

[Offered for sale on June 20, 1956, by Argosy Book Stores, 114 East 59th Street, New York 22, for $10.]

180 EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. A.L.S. 1 p., 8vo. London; April 10, (1847). $30.00

Putting off an engagement as he has "promised on Friday to dine with Dr. (James David?) Forbes, & to hear Professor Faraday's lecture." According to Tyndall, Michael Faraday "exercised a magic on his hearers."

[Cat. 16 (Dec., 1956): Emily Driscoll, 115 East 40th Street, New York 16, N.Y.]

EMERSON AND HIS COUSIN, HANNAH UPHAM (HASKINS) PARSONS

By the Editor

Shortly before The Youth's Companion was founded in Boston on April 16, 1827, by Nathaniel Willis and Asa Rand, the former paid a visit to the Haskins family, seeking subscriptions. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who at that time was visiting his cousins, immediately remarked: "Mr. Willis, I will furnish your first subscriber. Put Hannah's name down!"[1] Writing to Rebecca Haskins in Waterford, Maine, seven years later, Emerson spoke of Hannah most affectionately:[2]

Boston, February 23, 1834.

My dear Aunt,

I remember with great pleasure my visit to Waterford not yet two years ago[m] I must not deny myself the pleasure of writing one word to you in my letter to Aunt Mary. I was truly grieved to hear of Hannah's[m] illness who was so kind a nurse to mine, & rejoice to hear she is better. She must be happy in knowing the strong interest her many friends feel in her health & happiness. Pray make her careful of herself & she must journey when the warm weather comes. I wish I could say, Come to my house, but as yet we have none although in the spring, Mother & I may find some permanent home, & then shall cherish the hope of seeing both her & you.

Will you not gratify me by letting me add the small sum[m] enclosed to Hannah's travelling fund. With remembrances of respect to my Uncle[m] & of love to my cousins,

Your affectionate nephew

R. Waldo Emerson.

In the Journals, under May 4, 1863, Emerson wrote of Mary Moody Emerson and Hannah, the latter of whom had, sometime before, married Augustus Parsons:[3]

> On Friday morning, May 1st, at 3 o'clock, died Mary Moody Emerson, at Williamsburg, New York, aged 88 years, 8 months. Hanna Haskins Parsons, her niece, who has, since her childhood, been in some sort dedicated to the care and nursing of her aunt, has for the last four years taken entire charge of her, and having with incredible patience and tenderness attended her throughout her long decline, and closed her eyes, now attended the remains to Concord, and arrived here on Saturday night. This afternoon (Monday) the body was taken from the receiving tomb to the grave in my lot in Sleepy Hollow, and deposited in a vault therein, in the presence of Elizabeth Hoar, Elizabeth Ripley, Mary Emerson Simmons, Lidian Emerson, Ellen Tucker Emerson, Edith Emerson, and myself. The day was cloudy and warm, with mist resting over the south, and the rain waited until an hour after she was laid in the ground.[4]

A few years later, Emerson began inquiring of the possibility of ungathered "Almanacks" of Mary Moody Emerson and mentioned his interest to his Cousin Hannah, who wrote eventually the following report:[5]

Mr. Emerson

My dear Cousin,

You may recolect when I met you on the journey to California, I promised to look through my old letters for some of Aunt Marys "Almanac[s]" I found none but some letters of yours & Cousins E B & C C. The latter I enclose to E. Hoar. The remainder containing one of your Father & Mother, I send knowing Cousin Ellen['s] fondness for such anticquities. Much love to her I wish (Oh so much) that she would send me one of her charming letters, telling of all the dear Cousins not forgeting Edith' children, Mr Bardwell said it [would be a] great pleasure to take this paccage & call in 'Concord' I hope you will be home With much love to Cousin Lidian & yourself I remain your affecionate

Cousin H U Parsons

Lawrence July 18th [1872]

Please remember me to E. Ripley & Miss Hoar

After Emerson's death, Ellen kept in contact with Hannah, as the following

letter, now owned by the present writer, will indicate:[6]

Concord, 6 Feb. 1888

Dear Cousin Hannah,

You sent me by Cousin Sarah a most beautiful set of pictures, and I am unable to excuse myself for such slowness in acknowledging them. I have looked at them with pleasure several times. We love to hear of you through Cousin Sarah, as occasionally we do, and we wish very much to see you here again. I suppose she will go home after her winter at the Manse, but we shall demand our summer visit as soon as she can tear herself away from her daughter & grandchildren, and when she comes to us we beg that you will come too. I have once or twice asked Cousin Sarah whether you still have that little mother-of-pearl box which our Grandmother Haskins kept her money for the poor in, and used to shake at Grandfather when it was empty. She says she never saw it or heard of it. I never heard of it till I saw it and you showed it and told me the story, so I trust you still have it, and, if you have, do bring it and show it to Cousin Greene Haskins, he is very much interested in every detail about his Grandmother. We have a great deal to show you here two boys of Edward's whom I don't believe you have ever set eyes on, and who are very amusing, and plenty of other less important objects. Then I know you want to go to the Cliffs and spend the day, and to go berrying with Cousin Sarah and me, and no matter how many years you boast you know you love all these things as well as she does, and are as able to do them, so make up your mind, and we shall be happy. Your devoted and admiring cousin & her equally devoted & admiring Mamma send this letter as expressing the sentiments of both. Is Cousin Charlotte with you now? Give our love to her & tell her to come too.

Affectionately

Ellen T. Emerson

In 1898, the staff of The Youth's Companion, with the happy intention of featuring their oldest subscriber, photographed Hannah (to the chagrin of all members of her immediate family!) in a print dress and crocheted shawl, issuing it[7] with the following commentary:

THE COMPANION'S FIRST SUBSCRIBER

Shortly before the first number of the *Youth's Companion* was printed, Mr. Nathaniel Willis, the founder, chanced to make a social call on some friends named Haskins. During the evening he told them that he intended to publish a paper for young people, the first one of its kind in the United States.

"And I," said one of the young men of the family, "will furnish your first subscriber. Put Hannah's name down."

The little schoolgirl who headed the list which has lengthened from a few hundred names to hundreds of thousands, became in due time Mrs. Hannah U. Parsons. Grandchildren of hers have grown up as *Companion* readers. The gentle lady herself—who now makes her home with her youngest brother, Rev. S. M. Haskins, of Brooklyn—is still, as she has been for more than seventy years, one of the paper's warmest friends.

MRS. HANNAH U. PARSONS.

A near kinswoman of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Mrs. Parsons, like the Concord sage, has mastered the art of "growing old gracefully." She is alert and vigorous at eighty-four, and the *Companion* takes it as a happy omen that the years have dealt so kindly with its earliest friend.

Hannah died in Concord, Mass., on February 24, 1907, aged 92 years, 3 months and 17 days.

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1 This family tradition was kindly supplied by a surviving member of Hannah's household, Mrs. Edith Bardwell Barrow (Mrs. James S. Barrow) of 2050 Third Avenue North, Napa, California, once the owner of the letter mentioned immediately below.

2 See Kenneth W. Cameron, Emerson the Essayist, II, 215, for further comment.

3 Journals, IX, 508-509.

4 Ibid., IX, 509: "Hannah Haskins Parsons, Mr. Emerson's double first cousin (daughter of Rebecca Emerson and Robert Haskins), a woman of a charming naturel and wit, before her marriage took care of Miss Emerson at Waterford, Maine, and (after Mr. Parson's death) at Williamsburg, New York. She and her younger sister Sarah (Mrs. Ansley) lived to a great age, and spent their last years in the Concord house at Mrs. Emerson's invitation. They died in Concord but a few years since."

5 In the Houghton Library and used here with permission. It is endorsed in Emerson's hand, "Mrs Hannah Parsons Kansas Aug '72"——evidently the date received.

6 This letter was presented to me by Mrs. Barrow. See note 1.

7 The Youth's Companion, LXXII, p. 659 (Dec. 29, 1898).

EMERSON, THOREAU, ELEGANT EXTRACTS, AND PROVERB LORE

By the Editor

A largely neglected resource for students of Emerson and Thoreau——a veritable encyclopedia and, probably, the richest of the late eighteenth-century florilegia——an indispensable reference work used for declamations and writing exercises by students not only in colleges but throughout the lower schools as well, between 1790 and 1830——is Vicesimus Knox's Elegant Extracts [Prose, Poetry and Epistles], the accumulated advertisements to the late editions of which reflect a minor revolution in educational theory on both sides of the Atlantic. A few paragraphs from the introductory pages of the seventh edition of Elegant Extracts...Prose (London, 1797) will suffice as evidence:

> There cannot be a doubt but that a Book, like this, purposely adapted to the use of young persons of both sexes, copious beyond former examples, singularly various in its contents, selected from writers whose characters are established without controversy, abounding with entertainment and useful information, inculcating the purest principles of morality and religion, and displaying excellent models of style and language, must effectually contribute to the improvement of the RISING GENERATION in knowledge, taste, and virtue.... It has been adopted in all the most respectable places of education, and has sown the seeds of excellence, which may one day arrive at

maturity, and add to the happiness both of the community and of human nature.

What ENGLISH book similar to this volume, calculated entirely for the use of young students at schools, and under private tuition, was to be found in the days of our fathers? None certainly. The consequence was, that the ENGLISH PART of education (to many the most important part) was defective even in places most celebrated for classic discipline; and boys were often enabled to read Latin perfectly, and write it tolerably, who, from the disuse, or the want of models for practice, were wretchedly qualified to do either in their native language. From this unhappy circumstance, classical education was brought into some degree of disgrace; and preposterous it certainly was, to study during many of the best years of life, foreign and dead languages, with the most scrupulous accuracy, and at the same time entirely to neglect that mother tongue, which is in daily and hourly requisition; to be well read in TULLY, and a total stranger to ADDISON; to have HOMER and HORACE by heart, and to know little more than the names of MILTON and POPE....

It became highly expedient therefore to introduce more of English reading into our classical schools; that those who went out into the world with their coffers richly stored with the golden medals of antiquity, might at the same time be furnished with a sufficiency of current coin from the modern mint, for the commerce of common life: but there was no school book, copious and various enough, calculated entirely for this purpose. The Grecian and Roman History, the Spectators, and Plutarch's Livos, were indeed sometimes introduced, and certainly with great advantage. But still, an uniformity of English books...was a desideratum. It was desirable that all the students of the same class, provided with copies of the same book, containing the proper variety, might be enabled to read it together, and thus benefit each other by the emulous study of the same subject or composition, at the same time, and under the eye of their common master....

A simplified table of contents seems desirable at this point the better to illustrate the richness and "variousness" of the collection:

Elegant Extracts (Poetry)

Bk. I Sacred and Moral: Includes visions, fables, Young's Night Thoughts, Moore's Fables for the Female Sex, etc.

Bk. II Didactic, Descriptive, Narrative, and Pathetic.

Bk. III Dramatic &c. Extracts from Shakespeare. Detached scenes. Addison's Cato. Descriptions, Detached Sentences, Similies etc.

Bk. IV Sentimental, Lyrical, and Ludicrous. Milton's minor poems. Descriptions from Spenser. Extracts from the Fairie Queene. Fairfax's Tasso. Grover's Leonidas. Sonnets, Songs, Ballads. Prologues and Epilogues. Epigrams.

Elegant Extracts (Prose)

Bk. I Moral and Religious. Periodical Essays. Extracts from Dean Bolton's Works. Catechetical Lectures. Physico-Theological Reflections. Economy of Human Life (on the Passions, Differences, Duties, Affections and Prayers).

Bk. II Classical and Historical. On Style, Morality, Biography, the Arts etc.

Bk. III Orations, Characters, and Letters. (Richly biographical).

Bk. IV Narratives, Dialogues, &c. with other humourous, facetious, and entertaining Pieces. Includes Swift's voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag. Also:

DETACHED SENTENCES
PROVERBS
OLD ITALIAN PROVERBS
OLD SPANISH PROVERBS
THE WAY TO WEALTH, by Benjamin Franklin
A CALENDAR OF FLORA
NATURAL HISTORY.

Elegant Epistles

Bk. I Ancient Letters: Cicero's (tr. Wm. Melmouth), Pliny's (tr. Wm. Melmouth).

Bk. II Modern Letters, of Early Date (Chiefly 16th and 17th Centuries).

Bk. III Letters of the Present Century, and of Late Date (Letters of Pope and his friends etc.)

Bk. IV. Recent Letters: William Shenstone, Thomas Gray, Laurence Sterne, Lady Montague, Lord Lyttelton, Bishop Hoadly etc.

Append. Letters from Lady Luxborough, M. de Balzac, Mme.de Rabutin Chantal, Marchioness de Sevigny, Mme.de Maintenon etc.

I have indicated elsewhere, among "Books Borrowed from the Boston Library Society by Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Emerson the Essayist, II, 149-186), that R.W.E. in 1817 and in 1824 withdrew some or all of the following volumes from the B.L.S.:

Elegant Epistles, or A copious collection of familiar and amusing letters, London, 1790.

Elegant Extracts: or useful and entertaining passages in Prose, selected for the improvement...in the art of speaking etc. (2 vols.), London, 1791.

Elegant Extracts, or useful and entertaining pieces of Poetry. (2 vols.), London, 1791.

Evidence to be set forth below will point to his having consulted an edition of the second work listed, on or about May 12, 1832.

Henry David Thoreau owned the following edition, which is now in the possession of John L. Cooley, Esq. c/o Banking, 12 East 36th Street, New York 16:

Elegant Extracts / or Useful and Entertaining / Passages in Prose / Selected for the / Improvement of Scholars / at Classical & Other Schools / in the / Art of Speaking / Reading, Thinking, Composing / and in the / Conduct of Life. (2nd ed.) Dublin, 1793.

[On the flyleaf: "Jane Thoreau's." Beneath this autograph: "Henry Thoreau's——Presented to Wm. Allen by Miss Sophia E. Thoreau, June 13, 1872." (Allen's hand.)]

The present writer has, through the years, collected the following editions, all of which circulated in

the New England of Emerson and Thoreau, both in lending libraries and private collections:

Elegant Extracts...Prose
(2 vols.), London, 1794.
(2 vols.), London, 1801.
(7th ed.), London, 1797. (I have two sets.)
(10th ed., 2 vols.) London, 1816.

Elegant Extracts...Poetry
(2 vols.), London, 1796.
(7th ed.) London, 1797.
(2 vols.), London, 1801. (I have two sets.)
London, 1809.

Elegant Epistles
(New ed.), London, 1794 (I have two copies.)
(New ed., enlarged), London, 1803.

Perhaps the importance of these volumes to the researcher in American literature may be best illustrated in short space by a single example. I have chosen "Proverb Lore" because I am currently compiling, with the cooperation of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association, a list of all Emerson's early borrowed sententiae, epigrams and maxims in order to trace them through the published prose and poetry. Under the date of May 12, 1832, in the manuscript journal, for example, Emerson lists the following proverbs, two of which (starred) he modified for lines in his later poems. (See Journals, II, 480-481 for a slightly abbreviated collection.)

God comes to see us without a bell
A wall between both, best preserves friendship
There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak.
God doth the cure, & y^e Physician takes y^e money for it.
Whither goest thou, Grief? Where I am used to go.
Make the night night, & the day day.
I wept when I was born, & every day shows why.
A cheerful look & forgiveness is the best revenge of an affront.
The love of God prevails forever; all other things come to nothing
A man is valued as he makes himself valuable
Working in your calling is half praying
The wise hand doth not all which the foolish tongue saith
Theres no fool like a learned fool
When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain.
If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one & if you wd. not have a thing known of you, never do it.
Would you be revenged on your enemy, live as you ought & you have done it to purpose.
Oil & truth will get uppermost at last
*He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. [See "Brahma".]
*A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be.
Spare diet & no trouble keep a man in health
Welcome is the best cheer....

For the benefit of readers who can value the following printed section from Elegant Extracts...Prose (7th ed.), London, 1797, vol. II, pp. 1022-1040, I have marked a few of Emerson's favorite proverbs.

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§ 151. PROVERBS.

As PROVERBS *are allowed to contain a great deal of Wisdom forcibly expressed, it has been judged proper to add a Collection of English, Italian, and Spanish Proverbs. They will tend to exercise the powers of Judgment and Reflection. They may also furnish Subjects for Themes, Letters, &c. at Schools. They are so easily retained in the memory that they may often occur in an emergency, and serve a young man more effectually than more formal and elegant sentences.*

Old English Proverbs.

In every work begin and end with God.
The grace of God is worth a fair.
He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.
So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose.
'Tis wit to pick a lock, and steal a horse; but 'tis wisdom to let it alone.
Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin.
Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down thy hedge.
Half an acre is good land.
Clear up, man, God is still where he was.
Of little meddling comes great ease.
Do well, and have well.
He who perishes in a needless danger is the devil's martyr.
Better spare at the brim, than at the bottom.
He who serves God is the true wise man.
The lusty man never wants woe.

There is God in the almonry.
He who will thrive must rise at five.
He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.
Prayer brings down the first blessing, and praise the second.
He plays best who wins.
He is a proper man who hath proper conditions.
Better half a loaf than no bread.
Beware of *Had-I-wist*.
Froft and fraud have always foul ends.
Good words coft nought.
A good word is as foon faid as a bad one.
Little faid foon amended.
Fair words butter no parfnips.
That penny is well fpent that faves a groat to its maſter.
Penny in pocket is a good companion.
For all your kindred make much of your friends,
He who hath money in his purſe, cannot want an head for his ſhoulders.
Great cry and little wool, quoth the devil when he ſhear'd his hogs.
'Tis ill gaping before an oven.
Where the hedge is loweſt all men go over.
When ſorrow is aſleep wake it not.
Up ſtarts a churl that gathereth good,
From whence did ſpring his noble blood.
Provide for the worſt, the beſt will ſave itſelf.
A covetous man, like a dog in a wheel, roaſts meat for others to eat.
Speak me fair, and think what you will.
Serve God in thy calling; 'tis better than always praying.
A child may have too much of his mother's bleſſing.
He who gives alms makes the very beſt uſe of his money.
A wiſe man will neither ſpeak, nor do,
Whatever anger would provoke him to.
Heaven once named, all other things are trifles.
The patient man is always at home.
Peace with heaven is the beſt friendſhip.
The worſt of croſſes is never to have had any.
Croſſes are ladders that do lead up to heaven.
Honour buys no beef in the market.
Care-not would have.
When it rains pottage you muſt hold up your diſh.
He that would thrive muſt aſk leave of his wife.
A wonder laſts but nine days.
The ſecond meal makes the glutton: and
The ſecond blow, or ſecond ill word, makes the quarrel.
A young ſerving man an old beggar.
A pennyworth of eaſe is worth a penny at all times.
As proud comes behind as goes before.
Bachelors' wives and maids' children are well taught.
Beware of the geeſe when the fox preaches,
Rich men ſeem happy, great, and wiſe,
All which the good man only is.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Love me little, and love me long.
He that buys an houſe ready wrought,
Hath many a pin and nail for nought.
Fools build houſes, and wiſe men buy them, or live in them.
Opportunity makes the thief.
Out of debt, out of deadly ſin.
Pride goes before, and ſhame follows after.
That groat is ill ſaved that ſhames its maſter.
Quick believers need broad ſhoulders.
Three may keep counſel, if two be away.
He who weddeth ere he be wiſe, ſhall die ere he thrives.
He who moſt ſtudies his content, wants it moſt.
God hath often a great ſhare in a little houſe, and but a little ſhare in a great one.
When prayers are done my lady is ready.
He that is warm thinks all are ſo.
If every man will mend one, we ſhall all be mended.
Marry your ſon when you will, your daughter when you can.
None is a fool always, every one ſometimes.
Think of eaſe, but work on.
He that lies long in bed his eſtate feels it.
The child faith nothing but what it heard by the fire-ſide.
A gentleman, a greyhound, and a ſalt-box, look for at the fire-ſide.
The ſon full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.
He who riſeth betimes hath ſomething in his head.

Fine dreſſing is a foul houſe ſwept before the doors.

Diſcontent is a man's worſt evil.

He who lives well ſees afar off.

Love is not to be found in the market.

My houſe, my houſe, though thou art ſmall,
Thou art to me the Eſcurial.

He who ſeeks trouble never miſſeth it.

Never was ſtrumpet fair in a wiſe man's eye.

He that hath little is the leſs dirty.

Good counſel breaks no man's head.

Fly the pleaſure that will bite to-morrow.

Woe be to the houſe where there is no chiding.

The greateſt ſtep is that out of doors.

Poverty is the mother of health.

Wealth, like rheum, falls on the weakeſt parts.

If all fools wore white caps, we ſhould look like a flock of geeſe.

Living well is the beſt revenge we can take on our enemies.

Fair words make me look to my purſe.

The ſhorteſt anſwer is doing the thing.

He who would have what he hath not, ſhould do what he doth not.

He who hath horns in his boſom, needs not put them upon his head.

Good and quickly ſeldom meet.

God is at the end when we think he is fartheſt off.

He who contemplates hath a day without night.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

Better ſuffer a great evil than do a little one.

Talk much, and err much.

The perſuaſion of the fortunate ſways the doubtful.

True praiſe takes root, and ſpreads.

Happy is the body which is bleſt with a mind not needing.

Fooliſh tongues talk by the dozen.

Shew a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his fault.

When either ſide grows warm in arguing, the wiſeſt man gives over firſt.

Wiſe men with pity do behold
Fools worſhip mules that carry gold.

In the huſband wiſdom, in the wife gentleneſs.

A wiſe man cares not much for what he cannot have.

Pardon others but not thyſelf.

If a good man thrives, all thrive with him.

Old praiſe dies unleſs you feed it.

That which two will takes effect.

He only is bright who ſhines by himſelf.

Proſperity lets go the bridle.

Take care to be what thou wouldſt ſeem.

Great buſineſſes turn on a little pin.

He that will not have peace, God gives him war.

None is ſo wiſe but the fool overtakes him.

That is the beſt gown that goes moſt up and down the houſe.

Silks and ſattins put out the fire in the kitchen.

The firſt diſh pleaſeth all.

God's mill grinds ſlow, but ſure.

Neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe thyſelf, thy actions ſerve the turn.

He who fears death lives not.

He who preaches gives alms.

He who pitieth another thinks on himſelf.

Night is the mother of counſels.

He who once hits will be ever ſhooting.

He that cockers his child provides for his enemy.

The faulty ſtands always on his guard.

He that is thrown would ever wreſtle.

Good ſwimmers are drowned at laſt.

Courteſy on one ſide only laſts not long.

Wine counſels ſeldom proſper.

Set good againſt evil.

He goes not out of his way who goes to a good inn.

It is an ill air where we gain nothing.

Every one hath a fool in his ſleeve.

Too much taking heed is ſometimes loſs.

'Tis eaſier to build two chimnies than to maintain one.

He hath no leiſure who uſeth it not.

The wife is the key of the houſe.

The life of man is a winter way.

The leaſt fooliſh is accounted wiſe.

Life is half ſpent before we know what it is to live.

Wine is a turn-coat; firſt a friend, then an enemy.

Wine ever pays for his lodging.

Time undermines us all.

Converſation makes a man what he is.

The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.

The great put the little on the hook.

Lawyers

Lawyers houſes are built on the heads of fools.

Among good men two ſuffice.

The beſt bred have the beſt portion.

To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.

He who hath the charge of ſouls tranſports them not in bundles.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to loſe.

When a lackey comes to hell, the devil locks the gates.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He who will make a door of gold, muſt knock in a nail every day.

If the brain ſows not corn, it plants thiſtles.

A woman conceals what ſhe knows not.

Some evils are cured by contempt.

God deals his wrath by weight, but without weight his mercy.

Follow not truth too near at the heels, leſt it daſh out your teeth.

Say to pleaſure, gentle Eve, I will have none of your apple.

Marry your daughters betimes, leſt they marry themſelves.

Every man's cenſure is uſually firſt moulded in his own nature.

Suſpicion is the virtue of a coward.

Stay a while, that we may make an end the ſooner.

Let us ride fair and ſoftly that we may get home the ſooner.

Debtors are liers.

Knowledge (or cunning) is no burthen.

Dearths foreſeen come not.

A penny ſpared is twice got.

Penſion never enriched young men.

If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

If the mother had never been in the oven, ſhe would not have looked for her daughter there.

The body is ſooner well dreſſed than the ſoul.

Every one is a maſter, and a ſervant.

No profit to honour, no honour to virtue or religion.

Every ſin brings its puniſhment along with it.

The devil divides the world between atheiſm and ſuperſtition.

Good huſbandry is good divinity.

Be reaſonable and you will be happy.

It is better to pleaſe a fool than to anger him.

A fool, if he ſaith he will have a crab, he will not have an apple.

Take heed you find not what you do not ſeek.

The highway is never about.

He lives long enough who hath lived well.

Metal is dangerous in a blind horſe.

Winter never rots in the ſky.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

He that ſpeaks me fair, and loves me not, I will ſpeak him fair, and truſt him not.

He who preaches war is the devil's chaplain.

The trueſt wealth is contentment with a little.

A man's beſt fortune, or his worſt, is a wife.

Marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure.

Sir John Barley-Corn is the ſtrongeſt knight.

Like blood, like good, and like age,
Make the happieſt marriage.

Every aſs thinks himſelf worthy to ſtand with the king's horſes.

A good beginning makes a good ending.

One ounce of diſcretion, or of wiſdom, is worth two pounds of wit.

The devil is good, or kind, when he is pleaſed.

A fair face is half a portion.

To forget a wrong is the beſt revenge.

[illegible] make the man.

Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleaſes.

Gold goes in at any gate except that of heaven.

Knaves and fools divide the world.

No great loſs but may bring ſome little profit.

When poverty comes in at the door, love leaps out at the window.

That ſuit is beſt that beſt fits me.

If I had revenged every wrong,
I had not worn my ſkirts ſo long.

Self-love is a mote in every man's eye.

That which is well done is twice done.

Uſe ſoft words and hard arguments.

There is no coward to an ill conſcience.

He who makes other men afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memories.

Riches are but the baggage of virtue.

He who defers his charities till his death, is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

A wiſe man hath more ballaſt than ſail.

Great men's promiſes, courtiers' oaths, and dead men's ſhoes, a man may look for, but not truſt to.

Be wiſe on this ſide heaven.

The devil tempts others, an idle man tempts the devil.

Good looks buy nothing in the market.

He who will be his own maſter often hath a fool for his ſervant.

That man is well bought who coſts you but a compliment.

The greateſt king muſt at laſt go to bed with a ſhovel or ſpade.

He only truly lives who lives in peace.

If wiſe men never erred, it would go hard with the fool.

Great virtue ſeldom deſcends.

One wife (in marriage) and two happy.

Almſgiving never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor proſperity wiſe.

A fool and his money are ſoon parted.

Fear of hell is the true valour of a chriſtian.

For ill do well, then fear not hell.

The beſt thing in this world is to live above it.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

A thouſand pounds and a bottle of hay, Will be all one at *Doomſday*.

One pair of heels is ſometimes worth two pair of hands.

'Tis good ſleeping in a whole ſkin.

Enough is as good as a feaſt.

A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.

All is well that ends well.

Ever drink, ever dry.

He who hath an ill name is half hanged.

Harm watch, harm catch.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's ſmile.

The eaſieſt work and way is, To beware.

If the beſt man's faults were written in his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

A man may be great by chance; but never wiſe, or good, without taking pains for it.

Succeſs makes a fool ſeem wiſe.

All worldly joys go leſs

To that one joy of doing kindneſſes.

What fools ſay doth not much trouble wiſe men.

Money is a good ſervant, but an ill maſter.

Pleaſure gives law to fools, God to the wiſe.

He lives indeed who lives not to himſelf alone.

Good to begin well, better to end well.

There would be no ill language if it were not ill taken.

Induſtry is Fortune's right-hand, and frugality is her left.

We ſhall lie all alike in our graves.

When flatterers meet, the devil goes to dinner.

'Tis a ſmall family that hath neither a thief nor an harlot in it.

To give and to keep there is need of wit.

A man never forfeits of too much honeſty.

Honour and eaſe are ſeldom bedfellows.

Thoſe huſbands are in heaven whoſe wives do not chide.

He can want nothing who hath God for his friend.

Young men's knocks old men feel.

He who is poor when he is married, ſhall be rich when he is buried.

Of all tame beaſts, I hate ſluts.

Giving much to the poor doth increaſe a man's ſtore.

That is my good that doth me good.

An idle brain is the devil's ſhop.

God ſend us ſomewhat of our own when rich men go to dinner.

Let your purſe ſtill be your maſter.

Young men think old men fools; but old men know that young men are ſo.

Wit once bought is worth twice taught.

A wiſe head makes a cloſe mouth.

All fooliſh fancies are bought much too dear.

Women's and children's wiſhes are the aim and happineſs of the more weak men.

Ignorance is better than pride with greater knowledge.

The charitable man gives out at the door, and God puts in at the window.

Every man is a fool where he hath not conſidered or thought.

He who angers others is not himſelf at eaſe.

He dies like a beaſt who hath done no good while he lived.

Heaven is not to be had by men's barely wiſhing for it.

Patch and long ſit, build and ſoon ſlit.

One hour's ſleep before midnight is worth two hours ſleep after it.

Wranglers never want words.

War is death's feaſt.

Idle lazy folks have moſt labour.

Knavery may ſerve a turn, but honeſty is beſt at the long-run.

A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.

Look ever to the main chance.

Will is the cauſe of woe.

Welcome is the beſt cheer.

I will keep no more cats than what will catch mice.

Reprove others, but correct thyſelf.

Once a knave and ever a knave.

Planting of trees is England's old thrift.

It is more painful to do nothing than ſomething.

Any thing for a quiet life.

'Tis great folly to want when we have it, and when we have it not too.

Do pleaſure, and it will follow thee.

God's Providence is the ſureſt and beſt inheritance.

That is not good language which all underſtand not.

Much better loſe a jeſt than a friend.

Ill-will never ſaid well.

He that hath ſome land muſt have ſome labour.

Shew me a lier, and I will ſhew you a thief.

We muſt wink at ſmall faults.

Uſe legs and have legs.

Keep your ſhop and your ſhop will keep you.

Every one ſhould ſweep before his own door.

Much coin much care.

Good talk ſpeed doth always ſpeed.

He who gets doth much, but he who keeps doth more.

A pound of gold is better than an ounce of honour.

Count lawyers to be wiſe men, and they will be ſure to be rich.

Injuries muſt be ſoon forgotten.

When you ſee your friend, truſt to yourſelf.

Let my friend tell my tale.

Mention not a rope in the houſe of one whoſe father was hanged.

Speak the truth and ſhame the devil.

God helps him that helps himſelf. (*Adſit.*)

Lend, and loſe, money; ſo play fools.

Early to go to bed, and then early to riſe, makes men more holy, more healthy, wealthy, and wiſe.

Anger dies ſoon with a wiſe and good man.

He who will not be counſelled, cannot be helped.

God hath provided no remedy for wilful obſtinacy.

All vice infatuates and corrupts the judgment.

He who converſes with nobody, knows nothing.

There is no fool to the old fool.

A good wife makes a good huſband.

'Tis much better to be thought a fool than to be a knave.

One fool makes many.

Penny, whence comeſt thou? Penny, whither goeſt thou? and, Penny, when wilt thou come again?

'Tis worſe to be an ill man than to be thought to be one.

A fool comes always ſhort of his reckoning.

A young ſaint an old ſaint; and a young devil an old devil.

Wit is folly unleſs a wiſe man hath the keeping of it.

Knowledge of God and of ourſelves is the mother of true devotion, and the perfection of wiſdom.

Afflictions are ſent us from God for our good.

Confeſſion of a fault makes half amends.

Every man can tame a ſhrew but he who hath her.

'Tis better to die poor than to live poor.

Craft brings nothing home at the laſt.

Diſeaſes are the intereſt of pleaſures.

All covet, all loſe.

Plain dealing is a jewel; but he who uſeth it will die a beggar.

Honour bought is temporal ſimony.

Live, and let live, *i. e.* be a kind landlord.

Children are certain cares, but very uncertain comforts.

Giving begets love, lending uſually leſſens it.

He is the wiſe, who is the honeſt man.

Take part with reaſon againſt thy own will or humour.

Wit is a fine thing in a wiſe man's hand.

Speak not of my debts except you mean to pay them.

Words inſtruct, but examples perſuade effectually.

He who lives in hopes dies a fool.

He who gives wiſely ſells to advantage.

Years know more than books.

Live ſo as you do mean to die.

Go not to hell for company.

All earthly joys are empty bubbles, and do make men boys.

Better unborn than untaught.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains: if well, the pains do fade, the joy remains.

Always refuſe the advice which paſſion gives.

Nor ſay nor do that thing which anger prompts you to.

Bear and forbear is ſhort and good philoſophy.

Set out wiſely at firſt; cuſtom will make every virtue more eaſy and pleaſant to you than any vice can be.

The beſt and nobleſt conqueſt is that of a man's

a man's own reaſon over his paſſions and follies.

Religion hath true laſting joys; weigh all, and ſo
If any thing have more, or ſuch, let heaven go.
Whatever good thou doſt, give God the praiſe;
Who both the power and will firſt gave to thee.

§ 152. *Old Italian Proverbs.*

He who ſerves God hath the beſt maſter in the world. Where God is there nothing is wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's eſteem. He hath a good judgment who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converſes with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over the water where you cannot ſee the bottom. He who lives diſorderly one year, doth not enjoy himſelf for five years after. Friendſhips are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill. The friendſhip of a great man is a lion at the next door. The money you refuſe will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom. I once had, is a poor man. There are a great many aſſes without long ears. An iron anvil ſhould have a hammer of feathers. He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company. You are in debt, and run in further; if you are not a lier yet, you will be one. The beſt throw upon the dice is to throw them away. 'Tis horribly dangerous to ſleep near the gates of hell. He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himſelf moſt. Giving is going a fiſhing. Too much proſperity makes moſt men fools. Dead men open the eyes of the living. No man's head aches while he comforts another. Bold and ſhameleſs men are maſters of half the world. Every one hath enough to do to govern himſelf well. He who is an aſs, and takes himſelf to be a ſtag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his miſtake. Praiſe doth a wiſe man good, but a fool harm. No ſooner is a law made but an evaſion of it is found out. He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty ſpoon. Three things coſt dear; the careſſes of a dog, the love of a miſs, and the invitation of an hoſt. Hunger never fails of a good cook. A man is valued as he makes himſelf valuable. Three little things make a man rich on a ſudden; little wit, little ſhame, and little honeſty. He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it. Give a wiſe man a hint, and he will do the buſineſs well enough. A bad agreement is better than a good law-ſuit. The beſt watering is that which comes from heaven. When your neighbour's houſe is on fire carry water to your own. Spare diet and no trouble keep a man in good health. He that will have no trouble in this world muſt not be born in it. The maid is ſuch as ſhe is bred, and tow as it is ſpun. He that would believe he hath a great many friends, muſt try but few of them. Love bemires young men, and drowns the old. Once in every ten years every man needs his neighbour. Ariſtotle ſaith, When you can have any good thing take it: and Plato ſaith, if you do not take it, you are a great coxcomb. From an aſs you can get nothing but kicks and ſtench. Either ſay nothing of the abſent, or ſpeak like a friend. One man forewarned (or appriſed of a thing) is worth two. He is truly happy who can make others happy too. A fair woman without virtue is like palled wine. Tell a woman ſhe is wondrous fair, and ſhe will ſoon turn fool. Paint and patches give offence to the huſband, hopes to her gallant. He that would be well ſpoken of himſelf, muſt not ſpeak ill of others. He that doth the kindneſs hath the nobleſt pleaſure of the two. He who doth a kindneſs to a good man, doth a greater to himſelf. A man's hat in his hand never did him harm. One cap or hat more or leſs, and one quire of paper in a year, coſt but little, and will make you many friends. He who blames grandees endangers his head, and he who praiſes them muſt tell many a lie. A wiſe man goes not on board without due proviſion. Keep your mouth ſhut, and your eyes open. He who will ſtop every man's mouth muſt have a great deal of meal. Wiſe men have their mouth in their hearts, fools their heart in their mouth. Shew not to all the bottom either of your purſe or of your mind. I heard one ſay ſo, is half a lie. Lies have very ſhort legs. One lie draws ten more after it. Keep company with good men, and you'll increaſe their number. He is a good man who is good for himſelf, but he is good indeed who is ſo for others too. When you meet with a virtuous man, draw his picture. He who keeps good men company may very well bear their charges. He begins to grow bad who takes himſelf to be a good man. He is far from a good man who ſtrives not to grow better. Keep good men company, and fall not out with the bad. He who throws away his eſtate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet. 'Tis a bad houſe that hath not an old man in it. To crow well and ſcrape ill is the devil's trade. Be ready with your hat, but ſlow with your purſe. A burthen which one chuſes is not felt. The dearer ſuch a thing is, the better pennyworth for me. Suppers kill more than the greateſt doctor ever cured. All the wit in the world is not in one head. Let us do what we can and ought, and let God do his pleaſure. 'Tis better to be condemned by the college of phyſicians than by one judge. Skill and aſſurance are an invincible couple. The fool kneels to the diſtaff. Knowing is worth nothing, unleſs we do the good we know. A man is half known when you ſee him, when you hear him ſpeak you know him all out. Write down the advice of him who loves you, tho' you like it not at preſent. Be ſlow to give advice, ready to do any ſervice. Both anger and haſte hinder good counſel. Give neither counſel nor ſalt till you are aſked for it. The fool never thinks higher than the top of his houſe. A courtier is a ſlave in a golden chain. A little kitchen makes a large houſe. Have money, and you will find kindred enough. He that lends his money hath a double loſs. Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one-fourth part of what you hear men ſay. Money is his ſervant who knows how to uſe it as he ſhould, his maſter who doth not. 'Tis better to give one ſhilling than to lend twenty. Wiſe diſtruſt is the parent of ſecurity. Mercy or goodneſs alone makes us like to God. So much only is mine, as I either uſe myſelf or give for God's ſake. He who is about to ſpeak evil of another, let him firſt well conſider himſelf. Speak not of me unleſs you know me well; think of yourſelf ere aught of me you tell. One day of a wiſe man is worth the whole life of a fool. What you give ſhines ſtill, what you eat ſmells ill next day. Aſking coſts no great matter. A woman that loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes in the highway. A woman and a glaſs are never out of danger. A womaa and a cherry are painted for their own harm. The beſt furniture in the houſe is a virtuous woman. The firſt wife is matrimony, the ſecond company, the third hereſy. A doctor and a clown know more than a doctor alone. Hard upon hard never makes a good wall. The example of good men is viſible philoſophy. One ill example ſpoils many good laws. Every thing may be, except a ditch without a bank. He who throws a ſtone againſt God, it falls upon his own head. He who plays me one trick ſhall not play me a ſecond. Do what you ought, and let what will come on it. By making a fault you may learn to do better. The firſt faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not puniſh them. He who would be ill ſerved, let him keep good ſtore of ſervants. To do good ſtill make no delay; for life and time ſlide faſt away. A little time will ſerve to do ill. He who would have trouble in this life, let him get either a ſhip or a wife. He who will take no pains, will never build a houſe three ſtories high. The beſt of the game is, to do one's buſineſs and talk little of it. The Italian is wiſe before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over. In proſperity we need moderation, in adverſity patience. Proſperous men ſacrifice not, *i. e.* they forget God. Great proſperity and modeſty ſeldom go together. Women, wine, and horſes, are ware men are often deceived in. Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach. He who hath no children doth not know what love means. He who ſpins hath one ſhirt, he who ſpins not hath two. He who conſiders the end, reſtrains all evil inclinations. He who hath the longeſt ſword is always thought to be in the right. There lies no appeal from the deciſion of fortune. Lucky men need no counſel. Three things only are well done in haſte; flying from the plague, eſcaping quarrels, and catching fleas. 'Tis better it ſhould be ſaid, Here he ran away, than Here he was ſlain. The ſword from Heaven above falls not down in haſte. The beſt thing in gaming is, that it be but little uſed. Play, women, and wine, make a man laugh till he dies of it. Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom. The devil goes ſhares in gaming. He who doth not riſe early never does a good day's work. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. If young men had wit, and old men ſtrength, enough, every thing might be well done. He who will have no judge but himſelf, condemns himſelf. Learning is folly unleſs a good judgment hath the mangement of it. Every man

loves juſtice at another man's houſe; nobody cares for it at his own. He who keeps company with great men is the laſt at the table, and the firſt at any toil or danger. Every one hath his cricket in his head, and makes it ſing as he pleaſes. In the concluſion, even ſorrows with bread are good. When war begins, hell gates are ſet open. He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is nobody. He who hath more, hath more care, ſtill deſires more, and enjoys leſs. At a dangerous paſſage give the precedency. The ſickneſs of the body may prove the health of the ſoul. Working in your calling is half praying. An ill book is the worſt of thieves. The wiſe hand doth not all which the foolith tongue ſaith. Let not your tongue ſay what your head may pay for. The beſt armour is to keep out of gunſhot. The good woman doth not ſay, Will you have this? but gives it you. That is a good misfortune which comes alone. He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear. No ill befalls us but what may be for our good. He that would be maſter of his own muſt not be bound for another. Eat after your own faſhion, clothe yourſelf as others do. A fat phyſician, but a lean monk. Make yourſelf all honey, and the flies will eat you up. Marry a wife, and buy a horſe from your neighbour. He is maſter of the world who deſpiſes it; its ſlave who values it. This world is a cage of fools. He who hath moſt patience beſt enjoys the world. If veal (or mutton) could fly, no wild fowl could come near it. He is unhappy who wiſhes to die; but more ſo he who fears it. The more you think of dying, the better you will live. He who oft thinks on death provides for the next life. Nature, time, and patience, are the three great phyſicians. When the ſhip is ſunk every man knows how ſhe might have been ſaved. Poverty is the worſt guard for chaſtity. Affairs, like ſalt-fiſh, ought to lie a good while a ſoaking. He who knows nothing is confident in every thing. He who lives as he ſhould, has all that he needs. By doing nothing, men learn to do ill. The beſt revenge is to prevent the injury. Keep yourſelf from the occaſion, and God will keep you from the ſins it leads to. One eye of the maſter ſees more than four eyes of his ſervant. He who doth the injury never forgives the injured man. Extravagant offers are a kind of denial. Vice is ſet off with the ſhadow or reſemblance of virtue. The ſhadow of a lord is an hat or cap for a fool. Large trees give more ſhade than fruit. True love and honour go always together. He who would pleaſe every body in all he doth, troubles himſelf, and contents nobody. Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of. That is beſt or fineſt which is moſt fit or ſeaſonable. He is a good orator who prevails with himſelf. One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues. A great deal of pride obſcures, or blemiſhes, a thouſand good qualities. He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none, hath ſorrow. An Arcadian aſs, who is laden with gold, and eats but ſtraw. The hare catched the lion in a net of gold. Obſtinacy is the worſt, the moſt incurable of all ſins. Lawyers gowns are lined with the wilfulneſs of their clients. Idleneſs is the mother of vice, the ſtep-mother to all virtues. He who is employed is tempted by one devil; he who is idle, by an hundred. An idle man is a bolſter for the devil. Idleneſs buries a man alive. He that makes a good war hath a good peace. He who troubles not himſelf with other men's buſineſs, gets peace and eaſe thereby. Where peace is, there God is or dwells. The world without peace is the ſoldier's pay. Arms carry peace along with them. A little in peace and quiet is my heart's wiſh. He bears with others, and ſaith nothing, who would live in peace. One father is ſufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not ſufficient to govern one father. The maſter is the eye of the houſe. The firſt ſervice a bad child doth his father, is to make him a fool; the next is, to make him mad. A rich country and a bad road. A good lawyer is a bad neighbour. He who pays well is maſter of every body's purſe. Another man's bread coſts very dear. Have you bread and wine? ſing and be merry. If there is but little bread, keep it in your hand; if but a little wine, drink often; if but a little bed, go to bed early, and clap yourſelf down in the middle. 'Tis good keeping his cloaths who goes to ſwim. A man's own opinion is never in the wrong. He who ſpeaks little, needs but half ſo much brains as another man. He who knows moſt, commonly ſpeaks leaſt. Few men take his advice who talks a great deal. He that is going to ſpeak ill of another, let him conſider himſelf well, and he will hold his peace. Eating little, and ſpeaking little, can never do a man hurt. A civil anſwer to a rude ſpeech coſts not much, and is worth a great deal.

Speaking without thinking is ſhooting without taking aim. He doth not loſe his labour who counts every word he ſpeaks. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Yes, good words to put off your rotten apples. Give every man good words, but keep your purſe-ſtrings cloſe. Fine words will not keep a cat from ſtarving. He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all. No patience, no true wiſdom. Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourſelf. There is no fool to a learned fool. The firſt degree of folly is to think one's ſelf wiſe; the next to tell others ſo; the third to deſpiſe all counſel. If wiſe men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance. One fool in one houſe is enough in all conſcience. He is not a thorough wiſe man who cannot play the fool on a juſt occaſion. A wiſe man doth that at the firſt which a fool muſt do at the laſt. Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own. Men's ſins and their debts are more than they take them to be. Puniſhment, though lame, overtakes the ſinner at the laſt. He conſiders ill, that conſiders not on both ſides. Think much and often, ſpeak little, and write leſs. Conſider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go. Keep your thoughts to yourſelf, let your mien be free and open. Drink wine with pears, and water after figs. When the pear is ripe, it muſt fall of courſe. He that parts with what he ought, loſes nothing by the ſhift. Forgive every man's faults except your own. To forgive injuries is a noble and God-like revenge. 'Tis a mark of great proficiency, to bear eaſily the failings of other men. Fond love of a man's ſelf ſhews that he doth not know himſelf. That which a man likes well is half done. He who is uſed to do kindneſſes, always finds them when he ſtands in need. A wiſe lawyer never goes to law himſelf. A ſluggard takes an hundred ſteps becauſe he would not take one in due time. When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain. I will do what I can, and a little leſs, that I may hold out the better. Truſt ſome few, but beware of all men. He who knows but little preſently outs with it. He that doth not mind ſmall things will never get a great deal. John Do-little was the ſon of Good-wife Spin-little. To know how to be content with a little, is not a morſel for a fool's mouth. That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough. Of two cowards, he hath the better who firſt finds the other out. The worſt pig often gets the beſt pear. The devil turns his back when he finds the door ſhut againſt him. The wiſer man yields to him who is more than his match. He who thinks he can do moſt, is moſt miſtaken. The wiſe diſcourſes of a poor man go for nothing. Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends. Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers. Woe to thoſe preachers who liſten not to themſelves. He who quakes for cold, either wants money to buy him cloaths, or wit to put them on. Poverty is a good hated by all men. He that would have a thing done quickly and well, muſt do it himſelf. He who knows moſt is the leaſt preſuming or confident. 'Tis more noble to make yourſelf great, than to be born ſo. The beginning of an amour (or gallantry) is fear, the middle ſin, and the end ſorrow or repentance. The beginning only of a thing is hard, and coſts dear. A fair promiſe catches the fool. He who is bound for another goes in at the wide end of the horn, and muſt come out at the narrow if he can. Promiſing is not with deſign to give, but to pleaſe fools. Give no great credit to a great promiſer. Proſperity is the worſt enemy men uſually have. Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himſelf in them as in a looking-glaſs. A proverb is the child of experience. He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth an halfpenny. Avoid carefully the firſt ill or miſchief, for that will breed an hundred more. Reaſon governs the wiſe man, and a cudgel the fool. Suffering is the mother of fools, reaſon of wiſe men. If you would be as happy as any king, conſider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you. Our religion and our language we ſuck in, with our milk. Love, knavery, and neceſſity, make men good orators. There is no fence againſt what comes from Heaven. Good huſbandry is the firſt ſtep towards riches. A ſtock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord. Wealth hides many a great fault. Good ware was never dear, nor a miſs ever worth the money ſhe coſts. The fool's eſtate is the firſt ſpent. Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the world is his who ſcrambles for it. A father with very great wealth, and a ſon with no virtue at

all. Little wealth, and little care and trouble. The Roman conquers by ſitting ſtill at home. Between robbing and reſtoring, men commonly get thirty in the hundred. He is learned enough who knows how to live well. The more a man knows, the leſs credulous he is. There is no harm in deſiring to be thought wiſe by others, but a great deal in a man's thinking himſelf to be ſo. Bare wages never made a ſervant rich. Loſing much breeds bad blood. Health without any money is half ſickneſs. When a man is tumbling down, every faint lends a hand. He that unſeaſonably plays the wiſe man is a fool. He that pretends too much to wiſdom is counted a fool. A wiſe man never ſets his heart upon what he cannot have. A lewd batchelor makes a jealous huſband. That crown is well ſpent which ſaves you ten. Love can do much, but ſcorn or diſdain can do more. If you would have a thing kept ſecret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it. Whatever you are going to do or ſay, think well firſt what may be the conſequence of it. They are always ſelling wit to others who have leaſt of it for themſelves. He that gains time gains a great point. Every ditch is full of after-wit. A little wit will ſerve a fortunate man. The favour of the court is like fair weather in winter. Neither take for a ſervant him who you muſt entreat, nor a kinſman, nor a friend, if you would have a good one. A man never loſes by doing good offices to others. He that would be well ſerved, muſt know when to change his ſervants. Ignorance and proſperity make them bold and confident. He who employs one ſervant in any buſineſſes, hath him all there; who employs two, hath half a ſervant; who three, hath never a one. Either a civil grant, or a civil denial. When you have any buſineſs with a man give him title enough. The covetous man is the bailiff, not the maſter, of his own eſtate. Trouble not your head about the weather, or the government. Like with like looks well, and laſts long. All worldly joy is but a ſhort lived dream. That is a curſed pleaſure that makes a man a fool. The ſoldier is well paid for doing miſchief. A ſoldier, fire, and water, ſoon make room for themſelves. A conſidering, cautious man is half a conjurer. A man would not be alone even in paradiſe. One nap finds out, or draws on another. Have good luck, and you may lie in bed. He that will maintain every thing muſt have his ſword always ready drawn. That houſe is in an ill caſe where the diſtaff commands the ſword. One ſword keeps another in the ſcabbard. He that ſpeaks ill of other men, burns his own tongue. He that is moſt liberal where he ſhould be ſo, is the beſt huſband. He is gainer enough who gives over a vain hope. A mighty hope is a mighty cheat. Hope is a pleaſant kind of deceit. A man cannot leave his experience or wiſdom to his heirs. Fools learn to live at their own coſt, the wiſe at other men's. He is maſter of the whole world who hath no value for it. He who ſaith Woman, ſaith Wo to man. One enemy is too much for a man in a great poſt, and an hundred friends are too few. Let us enjoy the preſent, we ſhall have trouble enough hereafter. Men toil and take pains in order to live eaſily at laſt. He that takes no care of himſelf, muſt not expect it from others. Induſtry makes a gallant man, and breaks ill fortune. Study, like a ſtaff of cotton, beats without noiſe. Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempeſt and hail-ſtorm. If pride were a deadly diſeaſe, how many would be now in their graves! He who cannot hold his peace will never lie at eaſe. A fool will be always talking, right or wrong. In ſilence there is many a good morſel. Pray hold your peace, or you will make me fall aſleep. The table, a ſecret thief, ſends its maſter to the hoſpital. Begin your web, and God will ſupply you with thread. Too much fear is an enemy to good deliberation. As ſoon as ever God hath a church built for him, the devil gets a tabernacle ſet up for himſelf. Time is a file that wears, and makes no noiſe. Nothing is ſo hard to bear well as proſperity. Patience, time, and money, ſet every thing to rights. The true art of making gold is to have a good eſtate, and to ſpend but little of it. Abate two thirds of all the reports you hear. A fair face, or a fine head, and very little brains in it. He who lives wickedly lives always in fear. A beautiful face is a pleaſing traitor. If three know it, all the world will know it too. Many have too much, but nobody hath enough. An honeſt man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath not half enough. A wiſe man changes his mind when there is reaſon for it. From hearing, comes wiſdom: and from ſpeaking repentance. Old age

is an evil deſired by all men, and youth an advantage which no young man underſtands. He that would have a good revenge, let him leave it to God. Would you be revenged on your enemy? live as you ought, and you have done it to purpoſe. He that will revenge every affront, either falls from a good poſt, or never gets up to it. Truth is an inhabitant of heaven. That which ſeems probable is the greateſt enemy to the truth. A thouſand probabilities cannot make one truth. 'Tis no great pains to ſpeak the truth. That is moſt true which we leaſt care to hear. Truth hath the plague in his houſe (*i. e.* is carefully avoided). A wiſe man will not tell ſuch a truth as every one will take for a lie. Long voyages occaſion great lies. The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. Enrich your younger age with virtue's lore. 'Tis virtue's picture which we find in books. Virtue muſt be our trade and ſtudy, not our chance. We ſhall have a houſe without a fault in the next world. Tell me what life you lead, and I will tell you how you ſhall die. He is in a low form who never thinks beyond this ſhort life. Vices are learned without a teacher. Wicked men are dead whilſt they live. He is rich who deſires nothing more. To recover a bad man is a double kindneſs or virtue. Who are you for? I am for him whom I get moſt by. He who eats but of one diſh never wants a phyſician. He hath lived to ill purpoſe who cannot hope to live after his death. Live as they did of old; ſpeak as men do now. The mob is a terrible monſter. Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions. He only is well kept whom God keeps. Break the legs of an evil cuſtom. Tyrant cuſtom makes a ſlave of reaſon. Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wiſdom. He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he ſhould do. He who ſays all that he has a mind to ſay, hears what he hath no mind to hear. That city thrives beſt where virtue is moſt eſteemed and rewarded. He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides. The ſword kills many, but wine many more. 'Tis not wine which makes the man a glutton. He who tells all the truth he knows, muſt lie in the ſtreets. Oil and truth will get uppermoſt at the laſt. A probable ſtory is the beſt weapon of calumny. He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. Nothing is of any great value but God only. All is good that God ſends us. He that hath children, all his morſels are not his own. Thought is a nimble footman. Many know every thing elſe, but nothing at all of themſelves. We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil, and the bran to God. Six foot of earth make all men of one ſize. He that is born of a hen muſt ſcrape for his living. Afflictions draw men up towards heaven. That which does us good is never too late. Since my houſe muſt be burnt, I will warm myſelf at it. Tell every body your buſineſs, and the devil will do it for you. A man was hanged for ſaying what was true. Do not all that you can do; ſpend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know. A man ſhould learn to ſail with all winds. He is the man indeed who can govern himſelf as he ought. He that would live long, muſt ſometimes change his courſe of life. When children are little they make their parents heads ach; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ach. To preach well, you muſt firſt practiſe what you teach others. Uſe or practice of a thing is the beſt maſter. A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not. A fool knows his own buſineſs better than a wiſe man doth another's. He who underſtands moſt is other men's maſter. Have a care of—Had I known this before.———Command your ſervant, and do it yourſelf, and you will have leſs trouble. You may know the maſter by his man. He who ſerves the public hath but a ſcurvy maſter. He that would have good offices done to him, muſt do them to others. 'Tis the only true liberty to ſerve our good God. The common ſoldier's blood makes the general a great man. An huge great houſe is an huge great trouble. Never advife a man to go to the wars, nor to marry. Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counſel. 'Tis better keeping out of a quarrel, than to make it up afterward. Great birth is a very poor diſh on the table. Neither buy any thing of, nor ſell to, your friend. Sickneſs or diſeaſes are viſits from God. Sickneſs is a perſonal citation before our Judge. Beauty and folly do not often part company. Beauty beats a call upon a drum. Teeth placed before the tongue give good advice. A great many pair of ſhoes are worn out before men do all they ſay. A

great many words will not fill a purſe. Make a ſlow anſwer to an haſty queſtion. Self-praiſe is the ground of hatred. Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element men are made up of. When a man ſpeaks you fair, look to your purſe. Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jeſt till you ſhame him. Eating more than you ſhould at once, makes you eat leſs afterward. He makes his grief light who thinks it ſo. He thinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing. He who goes about a thing himſelf, hath a mind to have it done; who ſends another, cares not whether it be done or no. There is no diſcretion in love, nor counſel in anger. Wiſhes never can fill a ſack. The firſt ſtep a man makes towards being good, is to know he is not ſo already. He who is bad to his relations is worſt to himſelf. 'Tis good to know our friends' failings, but not to publiſh them. A man may ſee his own faults in thoſe which others do. 'Tis the virtue of ſaints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another. A man may talk like a wiſe man, and yet act like a fool. Every one thinks he hath more than his ſhare of brains. The firſt chapter (or point) of fools is to think they are wiſe men. Diſcretion, or a true judgment of things, is the parent of all virtue. Chaſtity is the chief and moſt charming beauty. Little conſcience and great diligence make a rich man. Never count four except you have them in your bag. Open your door to a fair day, but make yourſelf ready for a foul one. A little too late is too late ſtill. A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be. Building is a word that men pay dear for. If you would be healthful, clothe yourſelf warm, and eat ſparingly. Rich men are ſlaves condemned to the mines. Many men's eſtates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney. Wealth is more dear to men than their blood or life is. Foul dirty water makes the river great. That great ſaint intereſt rules the world alone. Their power and their will are the meaſures princes take of right and wrong. In governing others you muſt do what you can do, not all you would do. A wiſe man will ſtay for a convenient ſeaſon, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots. Ever buy your wit at other men's charges. You muſt let your phlegm ſubdue your choler, if you would not ſpoil your buſineſs. Take not phyſic when you are well, leſt you die to be better. Do not do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any. That pleaſure's much too dear which is bought with any pain. To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools, or a fool in grain. Good wine makes a bad head, and a long ſtory. Be as eaſy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next. Live well, and be cheerful. A man knows no more to any purpoſe than he practiſes. He that doth moſt at once, doth leaſt. He is a wretch whoſe hopes are all below. Thank you, good puſs, ſtarved my cat. No great good comes without looking after it. Gather the roſe, and leave the thorn behind. He who would be rich in one year is hanged at ſix months end. He who hath a mouth will certainly eat. Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle. The barber learns to ſhave at the beards of fools. He who is lucky (or rich) paſſes for a wiſe man too. He commands enough who is ruled by a wiſe man. He who reveals his ſecret makes himſelf a ſlave. Gaming ſhews what metal a man is made of. How can the cat help it if the maid be a fool? Fools grow up apace without any watering. God ſupplies him with more who lays out his eſtate well. The printing-preſs is the mother of errors. Let me ſee your man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is. Men live one half of the year with art and deceit, and the other half with deceit and art. Do yourſelf a kindneſs, Sir. [The beggar's phraſe for Give alms.] I was well, would be better; took phyſic, and died. [On a monument.] All row galley-wiſe; every man draws towards himſelf. He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent. A proud man hath vexation or fretting enough. He who buys by the penny keeps his own houſe and other men's too. Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you do. At a good pennyworth pauſe a while. He who doth his own buſineſs doth not foul his fingers. 'Tis good feaſting at other men's houſes. A wiſe man makes a virtue of what he cannot help. Talk but little, and live as you ſhould do.

§ 153. *Old Spaniſh Proverbs.*

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He is the beſt ſcholar who hath learned to live well. A handful of mother-wit is worth a buſhel of learning. When all men ſay you are an aſs, 'tis time to bray. Change of weather finds diſcourſe for fools. A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. The ſorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair. A wiſe man changes his mind, a fool never will. That day on which you marry you either mar or make yourſelf. God comes to ſee, or look upon us, without a bell. You had better leave your enemy ſomething when you die, than live to beg of your friend. That's a wiſe delay which makes the road ſafe. Cure your ſore eyes only with your elbow. Let us thank God, and be content with what we have. The foot of the owner is the beſt manure for his land. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more. Saying and doing do not dine together. Money cures all diſeaſes. A life ill-ſpent makes a ſad old age. 'Tis money that makes men lords. We talk, but God doth what he pleaſes. May you have good luck, my ſon, and a little wit will ſerve your turn. Gifts break through ſtone walls. Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirſt. There is no better looking-glaſs than an old true friend. A wall between both beſt preſerves friendſhip. The ſum of all is, to ſerve God well, and to do no ill thing. The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor. Setting down in writing is a laſting memory. Repentance always coſts very dear. Good-breeding and money make our ſons gentlemen. As you uſe your father, ſo your children will uſe you. There is no evil, but ſome good uſe may be made of it. No price is great enough for good counſel. Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can ſpeak. Praiſe the man whoſe bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I truſt, from him whom I truſt not I ſhall keep myſelf. Keep out of an haſty man's way for a while, out of a ſullen man's all the days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me ſo. I defy all fetters, though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger, an hundred thouſand of ſurfeits. Govern yourſelf by reaſon, though ſome like it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No companion like money. A good wife is the workmanſhip of a good huſband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who aſks for God's ſake, aſks for himſelf too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himſelf. Nothing is valuable in this world, except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the houſe, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors. There is no to-morrow for an aſking friend. God keep me from ſtill water, from that which is rough I will keep myſelf. Take your wife's firſt advice, not her ſecond. Tell not what you know, judge not what you ſee, and you will live in quiet. Hear reaſon or ſhe will make herſelf be heard. Gifts enter every where without a wimble. A great fortune with a wife is a bed full of brambles. One pin for your purſe, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promiſes runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers ſtones. Leave your ſon a good reputation and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the phyſician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feaſts, and wiſe men eat of them. June, July, Auguſt, and Carthagena, are the four beſt ports of Spain. A gentle calf ſucks her own mother, and four cows more (between two own brothers, two witneſſes, and a notary). The devil brings a modeſt man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault, muſt keep none. The wolves eat the poor aſs that hath many owners. Viſit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are peaſants, and in an hundred and ten peaſants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped becauſe our dame will not ſpin. Leave your jeſt whilſt you are moſt pleaſed with it. Whither goeſt thou, grief? Where I am uſed to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the ſtreet. Never truſt a man whom you have injured. The laws go on the king's errands. Parents love indeed, others only talk of it. Three helping one another will do as much as ſix men ſingle. She ſpins well who breeds her children well. You cannot do better for your daughter than to breed her virtuouſly, nor for your ſon than to fit him for an employment. Lock your door, that ſo you may keep your neighbour honeſt. Civil obliging language coſts but little, and doth a great deal of good. One "Take it" is better than two "Thou ſhalt have it." Prayers and

provender never hindered any man's journey. There is a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks it. He who is not more, or better than another, deserves not more than another. He who hath no wisdom hath no worth. 'Tis better to be a wise than a rich man. Because I would live quietly in the world, I hear, and see, and say nothing. Meddle not between two brothers. The dead and the absent have no friends left them. Who is the true gentleman, or nobleman? He whose actions make him so. Do well to whom you will; do any man harm, and look to yourself. Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces. Great poverty is no fault or baseness, but some inconvenience. The heard-hearted man gives more than he who has nothing at all. Let us not fall out, to give the devil a dinner. Truths too fine spun are subtle fooleries. If you would always have money, keep it when you have it. I suspect that ill in others which I know by myself. Sly knavery is too hard for honest wisdom. He who resolves to amend hath God on his side. Hell is crowded up with ungrateful wretches. Think of yourself, and let me alone. He can never enjoy himself one day who fears he may die at night. He who hath done ill once, will do it again. No evil happens to us but what may do us good. If I have broken my leg, who knows but 'tis best for me. The more honour we have, the more we thirst after it. If you would be pope, you must think of nothing else. Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wise. He who eats most eats least. If you would live in health be old betimes. I will go warm, and let fools laugh on. Chuse your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. No pottage is good without bacon, no sermon without St. Augustin. Have many acquaintance, and but a few friends. A wondrous fair woman is not all her husband's own. He who marries a widow, will have a dead man's head often thrown in his dish. Away goes the devil when he finds the door shut against him. 'Tis great courage to suffer, and great wisdom to hear patiently. Doing what I ought secures me against all censures. I wept when I was born, and every day shews why. Experience and wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers. The best soldier comes from the plough. Wine wears no breeches. The hole in the wall invites the thief. A wise man doth not hang his wisdom on a peg. A man's love and his belief are seen by what he does. A covetous man makes a half-penny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes six-pence of it. In December keep yourself warm and sleep. He who will revenge every affront, means not to live long. Keep your money, niggard, live miserably that your heir may squander it away. In war, hunting, and love, you have a thousand sorrows for every joy or pleasure. Honour and profit will not keep both in one sack. The anger of brothers is the anger of devils. A mule and a woman do best by fair means. A very great beauty is either a fool or proud. Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance. A great deal is ill wasted, and a little would do as well. An estate well got is spent, and that which is ill got destroys its master too. That which is bought cheap is the dearest. 'Tis more trouble to do ill than to do well. The husband must not see, and the wife must be blind. While the tall maid is stooping the little one hath swept the house. Neither so fair as to kill, nor so ugly as to fright a man. May no greater ill befal you than to have many children, and but a little bread for them. Let nothing affright you but sin. I am no river, but can go back when there is reason for it. Do not make me kiss, and you will not make me sin. Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit. The absent are always in the fault. A great good was never got with a little pains. Sloth is the key to let in beggary. I left him I knew, for him who was highly praised, and I found reason to repent it. Do not say I will never drink of this water, however dirty it is. He who trifles away his time, perceives not death which stands upon his shoulders. He who spits against heaven, it falls upon his face. He who stumbles, and falls not, mends his pace. He who is sick of folly recovers late or never. He who hath a mouth of his own should not bid another man blow. He who hath no ill fortune is tired out with good. He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, hath but an ill breakfast, and a worse supper. A cheerful look, and forgiveness, is the best revenge of an affront. The request of a grandee is a kind of force upon a man. I am always for the strongest side. If folly

were pain, we should have great crying out in every house. Serve a great man, and you will know what sorrow is. Make no absolute promises, for nobody will help you to perform them. Every man is a fool in another man's opinion. Wisdom comes after a long course of years. Good fortune comes to him who takes care to get her. They have a fig at Rome for him who refuses any thing that is given him. One love drives out another. Kings go as far as they are able, not so far as they desire to go. So play fool:—I must love you, and you love somebody else. He who thinks what he is to do, must think what he should say too. A mischief may happen which will do me (or make me) good. Threatened men eat bread still, *i. e.* live on. Get but a good name and you may lie in bed. Truth is the child of God. He who hath an ill cause, let him sell it cheap. A wise man never says, I did not think of that. Respect a good man that he may respect you, and be civil to an ill man that he may not affront you. A wise man only knows when to change his mind. The wife's counsel is not worth much, but he who takes it not is a fool. When two friends have a common purse, one sings and the other weeps. I lost my reputation by speaking ill of others, and being worse spoken of. He who loves you will make you weep, and he who hates you may make you laugh. Good deeds live and flourish when all other things are at an end. At the end of life La Gloria is sung. By yielding you make all your friends; but if you will tell all the truth you know, you will have your head broke. Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed this morning. Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will. The clown was angry, and he paid dear for it. If you are vexed or angry you will have two troubles instead of one. The last year was ever better than the present. That wound that was never given is best cured of any other. Afflictions teach much, but they are a hard cruel master. Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them. Since you can bear with your own, bear with other men's failings too. Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no man knows himself. The applause of the mob or multitude is but a poor comfort. Truths and roses have thorns about them. He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you. You know not what may happen, is the hope of fools. Sleep makes every man as great and rich as the greatest. Follow, but do not run after good fortune. Anger is the weakness of the understanding. Great posts and offices are like ivy on the wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it. Make no great haste to be angry; for if there be occasion, you will have time enough for it. Riches, which all applaud, the owner feels the weight or care of. A competency leaves you wholly at your disposal. Riches make men worse in their latter days. He is the only rich man who understands the use of wealth. He is a great fool who squanders rather than doth good with his estate. To heap fresh kindnesses upon ungrateful men, is the wisest, but withal the most cruel revenge. The fool's pleasures cost him very dear. Contempt of a man is the sharpest reproof. Wit without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool. Other virtues without prudence are a blind beauty. Neither enquire after, nor hear of, nor take notice of the faults of others when you see them. Years pass not over men's heads for nothing. An halter will sooner come without taking any care about it than a canonry. If all asses wore packsaddles, what a good trade would the packsaddlers have. The usual forms of civility oblige no man. There is no more faithful nor pleasant friend than a good book. He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do. A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness sake. A wise man avoids all occasions of being angry. A wise man aims at nothing which is out of his reach. Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason. A good man hath ever good luck. No pleasure is a better penny-worth than that which virtue yields. No old age is agreeable but that of a wise man. A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself. Folly and anger are but two names for the same thing. Fortune knocks once at least at every one's door. The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have. No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour. Riches and virtue do not often keep one another company. Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it. The most useful learning in the world is that which teaches us how to die well. The best men come worst out of

company than they went into it. The moſt mixed or allayed joy is that men take in their children. Find money and marriage to rid yourſelf of an ill daughter. There is no better advice than to look always at the iſſue of things. Compare your griefs with other men's, and they will ſeem leſs. Owe money to be paid at Eaſter, and Lent will ſeem ſhort to you. He who only returns home, doth not run away. He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God. Many avoid others becauſe they ſee not and know not themſelves. God is always opening his hand to us. Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye. 'Tis true there are many very good wives, but they are under ground. Talking very much, and lying, are couſin-germans. With all your learning be ſure to know yourſelf. One error breeds twenty more. I will never jeſt with my eye nor with my religion. Do what you have to do juſt now, and leave it not for to-morrow. Ill tongues ſhould have a pair of ſciſſors. Huge long hair, and very little brains. Speak little, hear much, and you will ſeldom be much out. Give me a virtuous woman, and I will make her a fine woman. He who truſts nobody is never deceived. Drink water like an ox, wine like a king of Spain. I am not ſorry that my ſon loſes his money, but that he will have his revenge, and play on ſtill. My mother bid me be confident, but lay no wagers. A good fire is one half of a man's life. Covetouſneſs breaks the ſack; *i. e.* loſes a great deal. That meat refreſhes beſt which coſts a man nothing. The aſs bears his load, but not an over-load. He who eats his cock alone, muſt catch his horſe ſo too. He who makes more of you than he uſed to do, either would cheat you or needs you. He that would avoid the ſin, muſt avoid the occaſion of it. Keep yourſelf from the anger of a great man, from a tumult of the mob, from fools in a narrow way, from a man that is marked, from a widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy. One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thouſand weight of melancholy. A contented mind is a great gift of God. He that would cheat the devil muſt riſe early in the morning. Every fool is in love with his own bauble. Every ill man will have an ill time. Keep your ſword between you and the ſtrength of a clown. Be ye laſt to go over a deep river. He who hath a handſome wife, or a caſtle on the frontier, or a vineyard near the high way, never wants a quarrel. Never deceive your phyſician, your confeſſor, nor your lawyer. Make a bridge of ſilver for a flying enemy. Never truſt him whom you have wronged. Seek for good, and be ready for evil. What you can do alone by yourſelf, expect not from another. Idleneſs in youth makes way for a painful and miſerable old age. He who pretends to be every body's particular friend is nobody's. Conſider well before you tie that knot you never can undo. Neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe any before you know them. A prodigal ſon ſucceeds a covetous father. He is fool enough himſelf who will bray againſt another aſs. Though old and wiſe, yet ſtill adviſe. Happy is he that mends of himſelf, without the help of others. A wiſe man knows his own ignorance, a fool thinks he knows every thing. What you eat yourſelf never gains you a friend. Great houſe-keeping makes but a poor will. Fair words and foul deeds deceive wiſe men as well as fools. Eating too well at firſt makes men eat ill afterwards. Let him ſpeak who received, let the giver hold his peace. An houſe built by a man's father, and a vineyard planted by his grandfather. A dapple-grey horſe will die ſooner than tire. No woman is ugly when ſhe is dreſſed. The beſt remedy againſt an evil man is to to keep at a good diſtance from him. A man's folly is ſeen by his ſinging, his playing, and riding full ſpeed. Buying a thing too dear is no bounty. Buy at a fair, and ſell at home. Keep aloof from all quarrels, be neither a witneſs nor party. God doth us more and more good every hour of our lives. An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you will get from a fool. He who lies long in bed his eſtate pays for it. Conſider well of a buſineſs, and diſpatch it quickly. He who hath children hath neither kindred nor friends. May I have a diſpute with a wiſe man, if with any. He who hath loſt ſhame is loſt to all virtue. Being in love brings no reputation to any man, but vexation to all. Giving to the poor leſſens no man's ſtore. He who is idle is always wanting ſomewhat. Evil comes to us by ells, and goes away by inches. He whoſe houſe is tiled with glaſs muſt not throw ſtones at his neighbour's. The man is fire, the woman tow, and the devil comes to blow the coals. He who doth not look

forward, finds himſelf behind other men. The love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing. He who is to give an account of himſelf and others, muſt know both himſelf and them. A man's love and his faith appear by his works or deeds. In all contention put a bridle upon your tongue. In a great froſt a nail is worth a horſe. I went a fool to the court, and came back an aſs. Keep money when you are young, that you may have it when you are old. Speak but little, and to the purpoſe, and you will paſs for ſomebody. If you do evil, expect to ſuffer evil. Sell cheap, and you will ſell as much as four others. An ill child is better ſick than well. He who riſes early in the morning hath ſomewhat in his head. The gallows will have its own at laſt. A lie hath no legs. Women, wind, and fortune, are ever changing. Fools and wilful men make the lawyers great. Never ſign a writing till you have read it, nor drink water till you have ſeen it. Neither is any barber dumb, nor any ſongſter very wiſe. Neither give to all, nor contend with fools. Do no ill, and fear no harm. He doth ſomething who ſets his houſe on fire; he ſcares away the rats, and warms himſelf. I ſell nothing on truſt till to-morrow. [Written over the ſhop-doors.] The common people pardon no fault in any man. The fidler of the ſame town never plays well at their feaſt. Either rich, or hanged in the attempt. The feaſt is over, but here is the fool ſtill. To divide as brothers uſe to do: that which is mine is all my own, that which is yours I go halves in. There will be no money got by loſing your time. He will ſoon be a loſt man himſelf who keeps ſuch men company. By courteſies done to the meaneſt men, you get much more than you can loſe. Trouble not yourſelf about news, it will ſoon grow ſtale and you will have it. That which is well ſaid, is ſaid ſoon enough. When the devil goes to his prayers he means to cheat you. When you meet with a fool, pretend buſineſs to get rid of him. Sell him for an aſs at a fair, who talks much and knows little. He who buys and ſells doth not feel what he ſpends. He who ploughs his land, and breeds cattle, ſpins gold. He who will venture nothing muſt never get on horſeback. He who goes far from home for a wife, either means to cheat, or will be cheated. He who ſows his land, truſts in God. He who leaves the great road for a by-path, thinks to ſave ground, and he loſes it. He who ſerves the public obliges nobody. He who keeps his firſt innocency eſcapes a thouſand ſins. He who abandons his poor kindred, God forſakes him. He who is not handſome at twenty, nor ſtrong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wiſe at fifty, will never be handſome, ſtrong, rich, nor wiſe. He who reſolves on the ſudden, repents at leiſure. He who riſes late loſes his prayers, and provides not well for his houſe. He who peeps through a hole may ſee what will vex him. He who amends his faults puts himſelf under God's protection. He who loves well ſees things at a diſtance. He who hath ſervants hath enemies which he cannot well be without. He who pays his debts begins to make a ſtock. He who gives all before he dies will need a great deal of patience. He who ſaid nothing had the better of it, and had what he deſired. He who ſleeps much gets but little learning. He who ſins like a fool, like a fool goes to hell. If you would have your buſineſs well done, do it yourſelf. 'Tis the wiſe man only who is content with what he hath. Delay is odious, but it makes things more ſure. He is always ſafe who knows himſelf well. A good wife by obeying commands in her turn. Not to have a mind to do well, and to put it off at the preſent, are much the ſame. Italy to be born in, France to live in, and Spain to die in. He loſes the good of his afflictions who is not the better for them. 'Tis the moſt dangerous vice which looks like virtue. 'Tis great wiſdom to forget all the injuries we may receive. Proſperity is the thing in the world we ought to truſt the leaſt. Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience. Virtue is the beſt patrimony for children to inherit. 'Tis much more painful to live ill than to live well. An hearty good-will never wants time to ſhew itſelf. To have done well obliges us to do ſo ſtill. He hath a great opinion of himſelf who makes no compariſon with others. He only is rich enough who hath all that he deſires. The beſt way of inſtruction is to practiſe that which we teach others. 'Tis but a little narrow ſoul which earthly things can pleaſe. The reaſon why parents love the younger children beſt is becauſe they have ſo little hopes that the elder will do well. The deareſt child of all is that which is dead. He who is about to marry ſhould conſider

how it is with his neighbours. There is a much shorter cut from virtue to vice, than from vice to virtue. He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so. Of sinful pleasures repentance only remains. He who hath much wants still more, and then more. The less a man sleeps the more he lives. He can never speak well who knows not when to hold his peace. The truest content is that which no man can deprive you of. The remembrance of wise and good men instructs as well as their presence. 'Tis wisdom, in a doubtful case, rather to take another man's judgment than our own. Wealth betrays the best resolved mind into one vice or other. We are usually the best men when we are worst in health. Learning is wealth to the poor, an honour to the rich, and a support and comfort to old age. Learning procures respect to good fortune, and helps out the bad. The master makes the house to be respected, not the house the master. The short and sure way to reputation, is to take care to be in truth what we would have others think us to be. A good reputation is a second, or half an estate. He is the better man who comes nearest to the best. A wrong judgment of things is the most mischievous thing in the world. The neglect or contempt of riches makes a man more truly great than the possession of them. That only is true honour which he gives who deserves it himself. Beauty and chastity have always a mortal quarrel between them. Look always upon life, and use it as a thing that is lent you. Civil offers are for all men, and good offices for our friends. Nothing in the world is stronger than a man but his own passions. When a man comes into troubles, money is one of his best friends. He only is the great learned man who knows enough to make him live well. An empty purse and a new house finished make a man wise, but 'tis somewhat too late.

The proverbs which Emerson drew from Elegant Extracts on May 12, 1832, according to his ordering of them, may be seen respectively on pages 1035, 1036, 1038, 1028, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1028, 1026.

Book Reviews

Leonard J. Fick, The Light Beyond: A Study of Hawthorne's Theology. Westminster, Maryland (The Newman Press), 1955. Pp. 184. $3.50

The problem that Father Fick ostensibly sets out to solve in this book is Hawthorne's personal religious faith. He is not interested in the artistic uses to which Hawthorne puts his thinking, but only in discovering what Hawthorne himself believed about God, man, sin, and religion. Aware of the difficulty of separating Hawthorne's private faith from his fiction, he explains four principles "in the light of which one can justifiably use the tales...as evidence" of Hawthorne's beliefs: fictional statements must first agree with ideas in non-fictional writings; they must bear a logical relationship to non-fictional views; parenthetical passages express the author's opinions; recurrent themes may be taken as reflecting a vital personal concern. He is aware also that "even if correctly applied," these principles "can never produce complete certitude. They can only engender a degree of probability."

Many students of Hawthorne will perhaps take issue with the thesis that Hawthorne's religious faith was as orthodox as Father Fick concludes. He denies, no doubt rightly, that Hawthorne can be labeled a sceptic, a determinist, a Unitarian, a Transcendentalist, a Manichaeist, or a Calvinistic Puritan. Instead, he says, Hawthorne was an unaffiliated, but nonetheless orthodox Christian; with a few minor exceptions Hawthorne's faith is adequately summed up in the Apostles' Creed: Hawthorne believed with a "childlike trust" in the Providence of a loving Heavenly Father interested in the earthly happiness of his children; in Christ as "equal God," the "Redeemer...a Son of God who partakes of the same nature as the Father;" in the "traditional doctrine of Mary as the mediatrix of all Grace;" in man as a being born with a "tendency to evil," a "free agent" whose will leads him to transgress the objective moral order, for which sin he must suffer the cosmic, social, and psychological consequences and for which he must repent and do penance before he can be taken back into the fold.

No one, so far as this reviewer knows, has yet attempted such a sweeping religious reclamation of Hawthorne. Unfortunately the exposition often strains to get Hawthorne over into the orthodox camp, as when the author writes: "Yet this stern insistence upon certain ineradicable effects of sin is in no way opposed to a belief in the remission of sin" and later says, "There is nothing in all this to brand Hawthorne as heterodox." In the final chapter on "Religion" Father Fick's actual purpose fully emerges: to explore the possibility that Hawthorne's faith all along was consistent with Roman Catholic teaching and that while in Italy he came near to accepting the Roman Church. Thus we find early in the book this thesis: "Errant Catholic moral rather than errant Catholic dogma was at the bottom of his dissatisfaction with the Roman Catholic Church." The technique of development is to state the orthodox teachings of Augustine and Aquinas and to show how Hawthorne agrees with or deviates from Scholasticism. We read that Hawthorne's idea of God is essentially Catholic; his view of man is "in the true Aristotelian-Thomistic tradition;" granting a few departures, "the pillars and rafters of the structure remain essentially Scholastic." His views on the nature of sin are "on firm theological ground," that is, not far from those of Aquinas; his thought on the consequence of sin "shows more than accidental agreement with that of the Scholastics."

The final chapter then reviews Hawthorne's dissatisfactions with all New England disciplines, including his rejection of Episcopalianism while in England, and climaxes in his doctrinal fondness for, if not aesthetic or moral sympathy with, Roman Catholicism; he "found himself inescapably attracted to Catholicism." And—this is the implication—but for its "ecclesiastic dogmatism" and but for "fear of the reaction his conversion might have had on family and friends," Hawthorne might have joined the

Catholic church. We are left with the dual conclusion: (1) that Hawthorne refused to join a church not because he was "hostile to creeds and sects" but because he "simply refused to commit himself to one rather than another, possibly because he could not resolve his doubts as to which sect was the right one;" (2) that he was neither pagan, nor Catholic: "He was a Protestant—which is what this reviewer suspected from the start. This being the conclusion, it seems far from the mark to de-emphasize the Protestant tradition of Calvin, Luther, and New England Puritanism in favor of Aquinas, to minimize the gloom in favor of the light beyond, to place undue stress on such less representative works as The Marble Faun and The French and Italian Notebooks, to exaggerate the assumption of the static character of Hawthorne's thought, and, consequently, to omit many of the finest tales, notably "Young Goodman Brown." This approach perforce goes counter to much of the finest work done on Hawthorne, including that of Randall Stewart, F. O. Matthiessen and Arlin Turner, whose conclusions this reviewer considers essentially sound.

Nevertheless, Fr. Fick's approach is not without its rewards. It is perhaps good to have the full results of his explorations into this intriguing, if oblique, subject area. He is a competent theologian who cuts his way through knotty theological problems with clarity and confidence; the range of his theological reading plays up the need for an equally competent Protestant theologian to bring his knowledge to bear on Hawthorne. The subtle distinctions between fate and providence, deprived and depraved, evil and the tendency to evil, cause and condition——are in fine Scholastic fashion and may prove helpful in offering new insights. Especially excellent is the chapter on "Man," in which he places Hawthorne in the Post-Renaissance tradition of "Frustrated-Man" thought as opposed to "Natural-Man" thought, and shows his humanistic kinship with Dostoevski, Melville, Kirkegaard, Barth and Reinhold Niebuhr. Here Fr. Fick has made his most original contribution to an understanding of Hawthorne's art and thought.

ALFRED S. REID, Furman University

Alan Simpson, Puritanism in Old and New England, Chicago (University of Chicago Press), 1955. Pp. 126. $3.00.

The term "Puritanism" for Mr. Simpson is used to include not only Presbyterianism in England and Congregationalism in New England, but extends through the center and left of the movement to embrace the Quakers. "An enterprise which began in the sixteenth century by exhorting men to prepare themselves for a miracle of grace and ended by asserting the presence of the Holy Spirit in every individual is one movement."

Departing from those critics who place primary emphasis on economic motives, Simpson defends the position that this religious upheaval can be taken largely at face value. The Puritans really did believe in a sinful world, Hell fire, and predestination, and quite independently of any rationalization for their economic endeavors. Yet this "welter of emotion" contains numerous drives, and Puritanism is not primarily intellectual.

The six chapters deal with "The Puritan Thrust" in England, a breaking away from the past; "The Covenanted Community," an attempt to establish the rule of the saints; the splintering "Salvation through Separation"—that is, each man's founding his own church as well as community; "The Saints in Arms" under Cromwell; "The Bankrupt Crusade" and disillusionment; and the revivals of "The Puritan Tradition" under John Wesley, Jonathan Edwards and others.

The first few pages might lead one to believe that the author either has no viewpoint or that he is too easy-going to be profound. But his wisdom becomes quite evident and his wit is vindicated as the book progresses. Name-calling——one pitfall of the subject—the author avoids neatly. His ability keenly to scrutinize errors among the Puritans is complemented by a sense of humor, which leaves the reader feeling that fools and sinners are still people.

The relation of this book to American literature is obvious. "Unitarianism can be traced to Puritanism and Transcendentalism, to Unitarianism." Despite the antitheses between Emerson and Bunyan, or Emerson and Edwards, numerous parallels form themselves on the pages, more often implicit than explicit—and nonetheless valuable for understanding the background of the Transcendental Movement.

EARLE FOX, Trinity College.

R. W. B. Lewis, The American Adam, Chicago (University of Chicago Press), 1955. Pp. 205. $5.50.

This is an important book. The author attempts to re-think the basic problems of nineteenth-century American literature and philosophy, and to interpret the classic writers of "the American Renaissance" in somewhat new patterns. Not limiting himself to the major authors (as Matthiessen did), Mr. Lewis discusses many pertinent minor figures such as Henry James the elder, O. W. Holmes, Bancroft and Parkman, Parker and Brownson. The result is a full-bodied representation of the intellectual concerns of that age, which in so many ways foreshadowed the concerns of our own.

Mr. Lewis never discusses Emerson directly, yet Emerson suggests both the title and the pattern of his book. Quoting from Emerson's Journals: "Here's for the plain old Adam, the simple genuine self against the whole world," he argues with great persuasiveness that all American literature since Crèvecoeur has dealt with the basic theme of an innocent Adam before the Fall, who meets the world and suffers from his experience in it, in one way or another. Moreover, he accepts Emerson's division of Americans into "the party of Memory and the party of Hope" (those who disbelieved in the "Adamic dream" of a new American Eden, and those who hoped for its realization.) But he adds a third party, "the party of Irony," in which he includes most of his own heroes—particularly Hawthorne and Melville. He describes this party as sympathizing with the "Adamic dream," but doubting its propriety, and ironically suggesting that its tragic failure was necessary to the maturing of America (the doctrine of "the fortunate fall"). Emerson and the "party of hope" were naively innocent; while the "genteel tradition" or the "party of memory" were hopelessly old-fashioned; but (Mr. Lewis argues) the "party of irony," which

has recognized fully the ambiguities of American innocence, and the tragedies of American experience, has realized the true greatness of American literature.

The American Adam is an important book because it asks all the right questions, defines its ideas clearly, analyzes its material persuasively, and suggests some of the right answers. Its argument that there was, and is, a middle ground between the blind optimism of the the party of hope and the blind traditionalism of the party of memory, is convincing. Moreover, this argument, in turn, may suggest an explanation of a pattern of modern thought. The post-war, or "lost" generation reacted against Emerson and his optimism violently, and seemed ready to jettison him completely; but the modern generation of critics has let Emerson in the back door. Charles Feidelson, Jr., has showed how Emerson early defined and illustrated the method of symbolism which modern American literature has strikingly developed. And Mr. Lewis describes how Emerson first defined the situation of the American Adam. But Emerson still remains identified exclusively with the "party of hope," and with its naive optimism.

Now I would ask Mr. Lewis (and all the critics of this latest literary generation) to consider honestly whether Emerson does not properly belong to the "party of irony" also? Certainly he was less ironic than Hawthorne and less ambivalent than Melville; but he saw both sides of every question, and—even more than Hawthorne and Melville—he outlined those problems which modern critics are now redefining and trying to answer. His description of "the New England Reformers," for instance, was certainly "ironic" and was not overly "hopeful." Mr. Lewis has convinced me of my own error in describing Hawthorne as, fundamentally, a traditionalist (in my recent book, American Literature and the Dream). I now ask him to reexamine his own conclusions. He has asked all the right questions, but the answers are not all in yet (as I think he would be the first to admit).

FREDERIC I. CARPENTER,
University of California at Berkeley.

Stephen E. Whicher, Freedom and Fate: An Inner Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philadelphia (University of Pennsylvania Press), 1953. Pp. xvi + 203. $4.75.

Although Freedom and Fate can be considered a biography, Mr. Whicher is careful to point out that he has not attempted either "in scope or achievement" to write a book along the lines of Ralph L. Rusk's Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson. This volume, rather, is meant to trace only Emerson's inner development, since "his life being fuller and more intense than that given to most people was an inner one." To accomplish his purpose, Mr. Whicher focuses attention on the fourteen years between Emerson's first and second journeys to Europe, 1833-1847, although the first and last chapters go beyond these dates. If the book has any major flaw, perhaps it lies here. To isolate the inner development of a man as Mr. Whicher has done does not always help the reader to grasp a clear-cut picture of Emerson. That the author was aware of this is obvious since he includes a chronological list of major events in Emerson's life as a guide for the reader. A greater sprinkling of biographical data throughout the book, even if it had meant the repetition of facts from Professor Rusk's biography or other sources, might have filled in the vacuum. Obviously, this book is not intended for a popular audience, but even the specialist appreciates a helping hand occasionally.

Little fault, however, can be found with the author's analysis of his subject, even if the reader does not accept all the final conclusions. Mr. Whicher begins by reviewing the slow development of Emerson's latent powers. His Unitarian background made him at first "the declared champion of the benevolent moralistic faith in which he had been indoctrinated," but already that faith was changing. Although the Unitarians continued to accept the external authority of scriptural revelation, they preferred a Christianity that would be a rational religion. Hume's refutation of the New Testament miracles and Newton's world of natural law, moreover, made the standard of beliefs seem anachronistic. Then, under the stimulus of Coleridge, Emerson finally accepted what he thought was a revolutionary belief that "a portion of the Deity lives in men," that the soul of man does not merely contain a spark of God, but that it is God. In spite of these sources of influence, which are treated in some detail, Mr. Whicher believes that Emerson's position remains substantially a fresh insight worked out with little regard to precedent.

The author then traces the consequences of Emerson's search for an assured salvation and the inevitable flaws which resulted. Christianity had taken into account the problem of evil through retribution in another world, whereas Emerson had to establish a belief that justice is done here. This theory of automatic moral compensation, however, has remained the most unacceptable of Emerson's doctrines and, according to the author, a major cause in the decline of his reputation. Furthermore, Emerson's demand for entire independence, overthrowing all past authority, had to be put to the test of experience through some great action, but the action never seemed to materialize. The wave of social reform in the late 1830's and 1840's was not the answer for him. In fact, he began to feel that it threatened the very liberation to which his faith had opened the way. His refusal to join the Brook Farm experiment was typical of his feeling about these matters, since such schemes were external rather than moral and personal.

In several illuminating chapters, which for the reviewer were the most valuable part of the book, Mr. Whicher then traces in the Essays and Journals Emerson's disturbed awareness that his first convictions were gradually being modified. Even his faith in the greatness of man seemed to be driven underground, and his original assertion of the infinitude of the self was, therefore, brought up sharply against the recognition of the limitations of the self. One mark of this shift was his growing contentment with his lot. "His release from his profession," writes the author, "his inheritance, his marriage, his country home, and his success as a lecturer" all made possible a way of life well adapted to his powers and inclinations. Emerson's submission to a sublime and friendly Destiny went hand in hand with a new attitude toward nature. Originally he thought of the soul as within the self. Now he thought of the soul as within nature, and of man as the late, if supreme,

product. Thus he moved from a subjective toward an objective idealism. By 1841, in fact, his creed was "that Goodness is the only Reality, that to Goodness alone can we trust." To such agnostic optimism, adds the author, finally simmered down the glorious hopes of his transcendental decade and the conclusion of any real development in his thought. From this point on, his chief vocation was merely to report man's place in Nature's holy plan.

"It is ironic," Mr. Whicher concludes, "and a little pathetic that so devoted a moralist and so honest a man should have drifted into a position which lays him open to Yvor Winters' charge that "at the core [Emerson] is a fraud and a sentimentalist," and to T. S. Eliot's conclusion that Emerson is "already an encumbrance." Mr. Whicher himself goes so far as to say that Emerson's "ethical teachings, though unquestionably edifying, and valuable in their aphoristic force, are on the whole neither original nor specific enough to command particular attention." Generalizations such as these are not entirely acceptable. Is it not perhaps the fault of twentieth-century criticism to think too much in terms of psychological and scientific dogma and underestimate the true intention of a personality who is first of all a poet even in his ethical teachings? Perhaps a dram of Emerson's optimism is the antidote that the present generation needs to counteract the poison of an over-pessimistic era. In a rather negative apology at the end even Mr. Whicher admits that the reader of his study ought not to overlook the fact that Emerson believed in the dignity of human life more unreservedly, almost, than anyone who has ever written, that he still has something to say to us, and, therefore, "to reject him utterly is to reject mankind."

STANLEY M. VOGEL, Suffolk University

Carl Bode, The American Lyceum: Town Meeting of the Mind, New York (Oxford University Press), 1955. Pp. 375. $5.00.

Professor Bode presents a new approach to the American scene. The Lyceum spirit of the 1830's was a movement more truly national than anything else in the nineteenth century. The period that receives his greatest emphasis closes with a meeting held in Philadelphia in 1839, "when the American Lyceum sponsored not an institute but the first national convention for the public schools." The central figure in its development, Josiah Holbrook, who died in 1854, illustrates Emerson's remark that "An institution is the lengthened shadow of a man." Professor Bode, in several places, touches on Emerson's place in the development of the movement, regarding him as the "most venerated lyceum lecturer of them all."

Emerson usually presented his lectures first to his friends at Concord "gratis." Subsequently, he usually moved on to Salem, where he stepped up his fee to $25.00. In other words, he did not, within the greater-Boston community, seek to compete with Henry W. Beecher or Daniel Webster, who, in Salem, received as much as $100 for a single appearance. (Even Grace Greenwood—whose relation to Emerson and Hawthorne needs to be clarified—received $50 for the delivery of "The Heroic in Common Life.")

Whenever Professor Bode mentions Thoreau as a lecturer in any particular place, he also mentions Emerson. Did the pair usually appear in the same series in certain Massachusetts towns? It would be of value to annotate these Thoreau-Emerson contacts.

Professor Bode might have gained a new dimension by developing his thesis in the light of Frederick J. Turner's theory of the "frontier." Your reviewer wishes that he had treated the significance of Emerson's excursion to San Francisco and to the University of California—a subject of considerable interest. But the author has provided an excellent outline which can be expanded in many directions and which will, doubtless, call into being specialized studies that can develop in greater detail the history of literacy and education on the Plains and in the Far West.

FRANK T. THOMPSON, Huntingdon College.

Stephen C. Pepper, The Work of Art, Bloomington (Indiana University Press), 1955. Pp. 183. $3.00.

Based on the Powell Lectures, delivered at the Indiana University, Professor Pepper's sequel to his The Basis of Criticism in the Arts is an effective warning against oversimplifying the perceptive process or underestimating the reality of the object. "A series of perceptive immediacies is required for a single complete perception of a statue just as for a poem or melody." Pure sensuous immediacy is, therefore, inadequate. Some "funding" is necessary—some "fusion" of the memory elements. Of course, in addition to having an awareness of all "immediacies," the spectator must have discrimination as well, though this last has cultural references. Can a judgment of beauty be true? "Yes," he answers with qualifications, and in support of the importance of the object, he replies (Chapter 5) to the extreme relativists in criticism, using George Boas' Wingless Pegasus as an example. To those who attack the object of criticism by asserting that it has different values in different periods, or that these values hold only for the duration of the Zeitgeist, or that values of the particular climate of opinion should be our principal concern, Pepper replies that the object has all these values all the time, and that the responsible critic, though limited by Zeitgeist, must not preclude possibilities of relevance not apparent to him. His terminal chapter appreciatively evaluates John Dewey's suggestions in Art As Experience.

K. W. C.

Theodore C. Blegen, editor, Land of Their Choice: The Immigrants Write Home, [Minneapolis], (University of Minnesota Press), [1955]. Pp. 463. $5.75.

This is an important collection of translated 19th-century letters, originally written from the United States to the home country by Norwegian immigrants whose original documents are now carefully preserved in photostat or transcript in the Norwegian-American Historical Association, at Northfield, Minn., and in the Minnesota Historical Society, at St. Paul. The volume grew out of the editors' two-volume work, Norwegian Migration to America, published earlier. To this reviewer, it is as refreshing as the observations of Martin Chuzzlewit, but even more revelatory than Dickens' novel of the American Frontier from 1820 through the period of the Civil War---of the glory and pain of resettlement. These documents the editor rightly calls the "literature of the unlettered" hid-

den "among the grass roots of American life." He demonstrates their importance as primary documents of our history and sociology, hoping that his book may encourage the gathering and editing of the available letters and diaries of the immigrants from all the other countries of the Old World. His collection includes reports on life in the States, correcting rumors, encouraging the coming of relatives, and reflecting the attitudes and behavior patterns of the "natives." They were mailed while Emerson and Thoreau were seeking oriental horizons and while Whitman was preparing to celebrate the completed rondure of the world and the passage to India. They are filled with humor and pathos and always with human interest. Good bibliographical footnotes appear in the introductory essay, and the index is excellent.

K. W. C.

John Higham, Strangers in the Land: Patterns of American Nativism, 1860-1925, New Brunswick (Rutgers University Press), 1955. Pp. 431. $6.00.

The Transcendentalists usually had one leg more or less firmly planted on the earth, though it was a New England leg——somewhat inclined to kick up dust in the direction of the immigrant. They read articles like Alexander H. Everett's "Immigration" in the North American Review [XL (1935), pp. 457-476] and E. Washburn's "The Laboring Classes in Europe" in the same [XLI (1835), pp. 348-366]. One recalls Thoreau's views of the Irish as a class, especially the railroad builders and the bog-trotters like John Field. The present volume attempts a general history of the anti-foreign spirit otherwise defined as "nativism"——its ebb and flow under various social impulses, political pressures, economic changes and intellectual currents, beginning at the time of Thoreau's death. "Nativism," says the author, "as a habit of mind illuminates darkly some of the large contours of the American past," mirroring our national anxieties and the boundaries of our tolerance. In a sense, the book deals with public reaction to immigrant minorities——with an account of American hostility from the period of "no restriction," following the Civil War, until our own day. It is a judicious book, well documented, carefully indexed and attractively illustrated with reproductions of posters and cartoons pertinent to our changing attitudes toward the foreigner.

K. W. C.

Arthur W. Brown, Always Young for Liberty: A Biography of William Ellery Channing, Syracuse (Syracuse University Press), [1956]. Pp. 268. $4.50.

This is a good biography as well as an aid to researchers in the lives of those whom Channing influenced. Chapter 14 ("Man of Letters") and Chapter 15 ("The Disciples") are worth the price of the book. The bibliography and index will stimulate further research in a figure whose importance for Emerson——to name only one major American writer——is yet to be evaluated. Channing voiced many Emersonian doctrines before R. W. E. gave them final form, and he was the idol of young Ralph. Professor Brown has indicated what opportunities lie in this area for new studies. His delightful style made this reviewer lay down the book with regret.

K. W. C.

Emerson at Dartmouth: A Reprint of his Oration: Literary Ethics. With an Introduction by Herbert Faulkner West. Hanover (Westholm Publications), 1956. Pp. 40. $3.00. [Edition limited to 300 numbered copies]

This is more than a mere reprinting of Emerson's famous Dartmouth oration. Professor West has given Literary Ethics a new setting——"a local habitation and a name," as it were, by taking it out of the Works and providing it with a distinguished introduction and format in a limited edition. The Lane Press, Burlington, Vermont, set the type. The volume is dedicated to Herbert Faulkner West, Jr., "who has proved himself to be an Emersonian and Thoreauvian at heart."

K. W. C.

Hugh P. MacDonald, The Power of Emerson's Wisdom, N.Y. (The Pageant Press), 1954. Pp. 180. $3.50.

This is a book of Emerson's famous observations, compiled over a period of twenty years and intended to be a compendium of his extant writings. The aim of the compiler——a devout Emersonian——has been economically (as regards space) to deal with such subjects as: inspiration, courage, manners, eloquence, intellect, self-reliance, experience, compensation, love, friendship, nature, art, culture, power, wealth, success, prudence, greatness, the times, uses of great men, spiritual laws, worship, fate, and immortality. Much is compressed into these pages, and the speaker or lecturer will find a wealth of illustrations at his disposal. The introductory pages deal with the history of the "mousetrap" quotation. [The address of the Pageant Press, Inc., is 130 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N.Y.]

K. W. C.

Gordon Milne, George William Curtis and the Genteel Tradition, Bloomington (Indiana University Press), 1956. Pp. 294. $6.00.

Those who have wished to know more about the Curtis brothers than can be gathered from the Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight (1898) will know how to value this comprehensive life of one of them, with its bibliography and index. Dr. Milne must not, of course, be blamed if Curtis' life seems less important in its fullest development than the early years seemed to promise——when the brothers lived at Brook Farm, boarded in Concord, talked with Thoreau and Emerson, and attempted to live in a Transcendental manner. But the Genteel Tradition deserves respect, and George Curtis has our gratitude for backing a number of the maturer and more difficult stories of Herman Melville while he was editor of Putnam's. Milne's story is not exhaustive, but very useful. One somehow fails to see Curtis as a vital human being, perhaps because the author has preferred to set forth the facts and leave the interpretations to others——an understandable self-limitation. This reviewer is grateful for what the book does give us and for its possible value as a stimulus to further research into Curtis' youth.

K. W. C.

Doniphan Louthan, The Poetry of John Donne: An Explication, N.Y. (Bookman Associates), [1951]. Pp. 193. $3.50.

A volume of important explication in one of the principal metaphysical poets who held the interest of Emerson and Thoreau during their apprenticeships. It is not an orthodox treatment of Donne, but rather a

challenge to those who have spoken from the benches of the newer critics——and all the more refreshing for its daring. Professor Louthan, of necessity, concentrates on a dozen major poems, but he illuminates two dozen others and gives an index to explication that should delight any teacher of the literature of the seventeenth century. The format is attractive.

K. W. C.

William Bradford, The History of Plymouth Colony: A Modern English Version, with an introduction by George F. Willison, N.Y., Toronto and London, [1948]. Pp. 428. $1.35 (cloth).

The Best of Ralph Waldo Emerson: Essays, Poems, Addresses, ed. with introduction by Gordon S. Haight, N.Y., Toronto and London, [1941]. Pp. 283. $1.35 (cloth).

Michel de Montaigne, Selected Essays, tr. with introduction and notes by Donald M. Frame, N.Y., Toronto, London, [1943]. Pp. 364. $1.35 (cloth).

Three titles in the Classics Club College Editions ——sturdily bound, inexpensive, large-print texts issued by D. Van Nostrand Company, 120 Alexander Street, Princeton, N.J.——all of interest to students of Transcendentalism. Emerson and Thoreau both read Bradford in making their researches into New England history. The values of Montaigne for Emerson have only begun to be explored. And teachers who, soon or late, will find limitations to paperbooks and who will desire a good selection of Emerson's scriptures will respect Gordon Haight's careful selection in The Best of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which contains the three great challenges and the best-loved and best-known essays of the first and second series, together with poems and minor pieces. The Montaigne volume contains Emerson's favorite essays in a readable text with good margins for notes and cross-references. Bradford is improved by being in modern English. It has many facsimiles throughout to guarantee the flavor of the original. We commend this series without reservation. For student use, it can hardly, at the cost, be surpassed.

K. W. C.

Henry Adams, The United States in 1800, Ithaca (Great Seal Books), 1955. Pp. 132. Paper. $1.25.

Henry James, Hawthorne, Ithaca (Great Seal Books), 1956. Pp. 145. Paper. $1.45.

This attractive new series of important texts puts within the reach of undergraduate teachers of literature and literary history collateral-reading classics hitherto unobtainable. The first consists of the opening six chapters of volume one of Adams' History of the United States...during the First Administration of Thomas Jefferson, originally published in 1889. The Hawthorne originally appeared in England in 1879, as one of the English Men of Letters series. It has a double significance for students in the American Renaissance. It is a critique of one literary giant by another; and it is the first "extended study" of Hawthorne. Both works are well-known classics, and we wish here to report that they are attractively printed and can inexpensively enrich one's courses. The Cornell University Press is to be commended for making this adventurous step into the paperback market.

K. W. C.

American Literature in Parody: A Collection of Parody, Satire, and Literary Burlesque of American Writers Past and Present, ed. Robert P. Falk. Illustrated by Burges Green, N.Y. (Twayne Publishers, 34 East 23rd Street, N.Y. 10), [1955]. Pp. 279. $3.75.

An anthology hard to equal and worth a month's salary for the good laughs it can introduce into the scholar's den or the stuffy classroom. The authors parodied are Franklin, Cooper, Van Wyck Brooks, Longfellow, the Transcendentalists, Poe, Whitman, James and two handfuls of moderns. The movement (rather than Emerson, Thoreau and Melville severally) is given a humorous review. But the fun is only a part of the bargain. Parody is a variety of literary criticism and deserves respect. This book can not only enliven a course in American literature but also help the over-serious student suffering from a "transparent eyeball" to snap the ligature that binds him to Nirvana and awaken in the twentieth-century world. No professor should be without this collection, which probably indirectly explains why Robert Falk's students have enjoyed his courses.

K. W. C.

Rebecca Price Parkin, The Poetic Workmanship of Alexander Pope, Minneapolis (University of Minnesota Press), [1955]. Pp. 239. $4.00.

Emerson's first poetic efforts were dedicated to the School of Pope, protracted into the nineteenth century. Miss Parkin's beautiful volume makes it possible for us to learn of the rich values Pope had for his own day and for Emerson's youth before the Romantic Zeitgeist eclipsed eighteenth-century poetry. But her volume has for its goal nothing less than a revaluation of Pope for our day. Indeed, she believes that the critical climate has become favorable to the neo-classical poet whose work appealed primarily to the intellect. One comes away from this volume with a deepened poetic awareness for Pope and his age, and a high respect for it. Her chapters deal with the significance of Pope's "implied dramatic speaker," with his irony, humor, parallelism, antithesis, paradox, metaphor, tension, tonal variation, respect for genre, imitation, and his poetic approach to correctible evil. Her final section deals with Pope's poetic world. After reading Miss Parkin, one may be excused if he becomes a little nostalgic for an age of somewhat greater certainties than our own, and possibly greater unity——at least in the area of shared experience.

K. W. C.

William B. Hesseltine, A Syllabus of United States History, (Revised Edition), Madison (University of Wisconsin Press), 1955. Pp. 154. $1.50.

An unusually rich syllabus and bibliography of our national history, printed on alternate pages to provide space for addenda and notes. The work is already well known in several western universities, and is copyrighted by the Regents of the University of Wisconsin, where it is effectively used in seminars. The bibliography is rich, composed, however, only of books. The Preface tells the researcher how to explore the periodical resources in American history and allied departments. The graduate student of American literature ought to know this work. It

will serve to remind him that much of our prose has grown out of the complex social forces of our way of life. He need not be a follower of the school of Parrington to value it!

K. W. C.

Bibliographies of Studies in Victorian Literature for the Ten Years 1945-1954, ed. Austin Wright, Urbana (University of Illinois Press), 1956. Pp. 310. $5.00.

This gathering of annual lists from Modern Philology and the provision of a useful index place all nineteenth-century scholars in debt to the University of Illinois Press, which offers this well-bound treasure at a very small cost. The volume has relevance to researchers in Transcendentalism——especially in its later phases—and to the world of Emerson's later years. We need to remember that the nineteenth century is still relatively unexplored. This entering wedge is a reference work of inestimable value. No university or collegiate collection of books can afford to be without it——and no active scholar in this period. The edition is probably limited. Our advice is to order it promptly.

K. W. C.

Albert Joseph George, The Development of French Romanticism: The Impact of the Industrial Revolution on Literature, Syracuse (Syracuse University Press), 1955. Pp. 193. $3.00.

Although French Romanticism influenced Emerson and the Transcendentalists less than its English or German sister movements, it left its mark on Emerson throughout his life. This volume is not very useful to the student of American literature. As a sketch of the early and late movements, it is inadequate. Bibliographical data are minimized. There is no index to help the scholar put his finger on what he wants. The writing is dull. No attempt is made to link or compare the other currents of Romanticism, and one derives from the volume no appreciation of French literature.

Emerson R. Marks, Relativist & Absolutist: The Early Neoclassical Debate in England, New Brunswick (Rutgers University Press), 1955. Pp. 171. $3.00.

Though this volume deals primarily with the 17th and 18th centuries, it is highly pertinent to our present battle of the critics, and the author explicitly expresses the hope that the evidence he presents may help clarify current discussion. "Critical relativism" (best defined in modern times, perhaps, in Pottle's The Idiom of Poetry) is supported by English criticism as early as the 17th century. There are isolated arguments in its behalf even earlier. Marks' book is an investigation of these origins, a defining of kinds of criticism, and a placing of criticism in context with other cultural movements. He makes no attempt to defend the relativist position. "On the contrary, the drift of ideas...indicates not only that it was, but that it is likely to remain a minor theme." But absolutist views of art have changed through the centuries, and Marks tends to favor Wellek and Warren's tertium quid of "perspectivism", which sees a literary work "in reference to the values of its own and of subsequent ages, sees it as dynamic, 'full of possibilities!'" His scholarship is competent. The book has a good index.

K. W. C.

James Baird, Ishmael, Baltimore (The Johns Hopkins Press), 1956. xxii + 446. $5.50.

"We have let the house that our fathers built fall to pieces, and now try to break into Oriental palaces that our fathers never knew," wrote Carl Jung, whose discussions of decadent Protestantism and the psyche are, with other contemporary authorities, cited in the early chapters of Professor Baird's volume. Ishmael is a study of genuine and false orientalism in American literature of the last century, and the name of the narrator in Moby-Dick becomes, for Baird, the correct symbol of modern, authentic, existential primitivism——that great surrogate of a Protestantism that has lost its symbols and vitality. Melville's orientalism, according to Baird's fascinating demonstration, becomes the standard for the period. His symbolism proceeds from intense feeling——not from an affected, superficial, intellectual interest in the strange and far-away. Melville, of course, profits "from the liberation of American literary idiom effected by Emerson and Thoreau," but the genesis of his symbolic form is "doubly conditioned": He felt in areas only intellectually comprehended by the Concordians, and he experienced at first hand aspects of the Orient which they did not know and, as well-bred New Englanders, would, doubtless, never have desired to know.

Whence came the 19th-century thirst for oriental primitivism? It resulted from a complex of forces, but one constant was the creative mind of man, active in every age——his "inventive and self-fortifying imagination." And 19th-century Christianity's pallor or inertia——its "palsied universe"——drove this enduring individual inventiveness to new prophets, new messiahs, new symbols in hitherto unexplored parts of the world. The resulting literature bears witness to "brilliant imaginative thrusts."

Emerson and Thoreau, compared with Melville (according to Baird), are artists of "nostalgic reference;" their symbolism is "external," decorative, not genuinely felt. Genuine primitivism or orientalism is convinced of cultural failure, which is the great accelerator of all primitivism. But Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman, though great originators of the genuine symbol in art, chose symbols outside the area of existential, thoroughly felt primitivism. The reason, according to Baird, is that they never really admitted cultural failure as the distinguishing condition of the century. In them "the autotype, as experience actualized in the Oriental journey, is absent." They were dedicated to romantic organicism and the idea of progress in Western civilization. In the art of each, indigeneous American experience provided the autotype of symbolic form. "Concord, with its industry and Yankee sagacity" was Emerson's microcosm; "the Maine woods, the Merrimack, Cape Cod, and Walden Pond" were Thoreau's proving grounds. "Paumanok, grass, Brooklyn Ferry, lilac, star, and bird" were Whitman's "symbols of the interdependence of all existence." Following Emerson, the others all delighted in the "immense goddery" of Hinduism, but they enjoyed exoticism without feeling it.

No review will do justice to this illuminating and, indeed, challenging book. Its early chapters ought to be marked and annotated as one likes to mark up a copy of Walden. For this reviewer, it is his "book of the decade."

K. W. C.

Henry Beetle Hough, Thoreau of Walden: The Man and His Eventful Life, New York (Simon and Schuster), 1956. Pp. 277. $4.00.

The reviewer believes that every man has a right to legitimate enthusiasms and that, for this reason, if for no other, a new biography of Thoreau, like this one, can be justified. Mr. Hough is a devotee of Henry Thoreau and tells the "old, old story", testifying to the power for him of Thoreau's masterpiece and suggesting (or the publisher suggests for him on one of the end-papers and on the rear jacket) that Thoreau's way of life is a perennially satisfying one. As testimony to the growing cultus of Thoreau enthusiasts, this book serves a purpose. It may fall into the hands of some who may actually turn to Thoreau's Walden for themselves and cease living in quiet desperation. Hough is easy to read; the style is rapid and sustained; and a good reader can exhaust the contents in less than two hours. (One cannot master Walden at such speed!)

The Thoreau specialist or the lover of Walden will find little here. He will want Thoreau's own statement and will have no time for other men's transcripts of their reactions to Henry. (Perhaps, the one exception is Henry Seidel Canby's able biography. Why hasn't it been reprinted as a paperback for college students?) Hough's book, moreover, is not written by a scholarly enthusiast, acquainted with the great body of new knowledge about Henry and his pond. The result is that Hough accepts nineteenth-century traditions and scholarship without questioning—many errors of fact if not of judgment—all of which mar his work for the knowing Thoreau enthusiast. (For some of his inaccuracies, see the review by Walter Harding in The Thoreau Society Bulletin, no. 55, Spring, 1956, pp. 3-4.)

Still, the book "as witness" has a justification. It is not, of course, as advertised, "the finest... in a hundred years," but it would, doubtless, have provoked Henry, had he been alive, to some memorable utterance. Those who know him well can almost imagine what he might say of Hough's book and to Hough himself. Such thoughts are in one's mind has he turns the last page of this attractively printed book, which the author undoubtedly enjoyed writing.

K. W. C.

THE CORNERSTONE

(PLEASE SEND US ITEMS WE MAY HAVE MISSED.)

ANDERSON, JOHN. The Individual and the New World, State College, Pa., 1956. (Remarks on Emerson and Thoreau passim.)

BURRESS, LEE A., JR. The Relationship of Christian Theology to the Idea Content of Emerson's Poetry (Completed Diss. at Boston University, 1955).

CAMERON, KENNETH WALTER. "Ellen Tucker Emerson to John Page Hopps on Emerson's Poetry," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), p. 21.

CAMERON, KENNETH WALTER. "Emerson and his Cousin, Hannah Upham (Haskins) Parsons," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 27-28.

"Emerson and the Warsaw Ghetto," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 13-15.

"Emerson Manuscripts——Ungathered and Migrant (Part Two)," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 26-27.

"Emerson on his Father and Step-Grandfather," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 16-19.

"Emerson, Thoreau, Elegant Extracts, and Proverb Lore," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 28-39.

"Emerson, Thoreau, Parson Frost, and 'The Problem,'" Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), p. 16.

"A Further Note on Emerson's 'Second Merlin Song,'" Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 10-11.

"Some Collections of Emerson Manuscripts (Part Two)," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 5 (Fourth Quarter, 1956), pp. 20-21.

"Some Collections of Emerson Manuscripts (Part Three)," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 21-23.

"Transcendental Hell in Emerson and Marlowe," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 9-10.

"William Allingham and Emerson——Some New Evidence," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 23-26.

CARLSON, ERIC W. "Emerson's 'The Bohemian Hymn,'" Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 6-7.

COHEN, AARON G. "Incandescent Star——Ralph Waldo Emerson," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), p. 23.

CROWE, CHARLES R. George Ripley, Transcendentalist and Utopian Socialist (Completed Diss. at Brown University, 1955).

DALEY, JOHN E. Orestes A. Brownson and Transcendentalism (Completed Diss. at Fordham University, 1955).

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. "Order of Services at the Ordination of Mr Ralph Waldo Emerson, as Junior Pastor of the Second Church and Society in Boston, on Wednesday, March 11, 1829" [Facsimile of the annotated copy in the Pierpont Morgan Library], Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 11-12.

GRISWOLD, A. WHITNEY. "Better Men and Better Mousetraps: The Scholar's Business in American Society," The Saturday Review, Nov. 10, 1956, pp. 9-11, 48-49. (Reflects the wisdom of Emerson's "The American Scholar.")

GROSS, S. L. "Emerson and Poetry," South Atlantic

Quarterly, LIV (Jan., 1955), 82-94. (Explication of "Each and All," "The Rhodora," and "Days")

HASTINGS, LOUISE. "Transcendentalism and the 'Almanacks' of Mary Moody Emerson," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), p. 9.

KLOECKNER, ALBERT J. The Moral Sentiment: A Study in Emerson's Terminology (Diss. in Progress at Indiana University).

McDERMOTT, JOHN FRANCIS. "Emerson at St. Louis, 1852: Unpublished Letters and Telegrams," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 7-9.

McGILL, ROBERT A. "Emerson's Letter to the Editor," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 5-6.

MURRAY, DONALD M. "Emerson's 'Language as Fossil Poetry:' An Analogy from Chinese," N E Q, XXIX, no. 2 (June, 1956), pp. 204-215. (Interesting Chinese illustrations of Emerson's theories about language—principally in Nature).

PRITCHARD, JOHN PAUL. Criticism in America, Norman, Oklahoma, 1956. (Emerson is discussed in Ch. 3).

ROWE, H. D. "Emerson as Quoter: Notes on 'Eloquence' and 'Art and Criticism,'" N E Q, XXIX, no. 2 (June, 1956), pp. 233-236.

STRAUCH, CARL F. "Emerson and American Continuity," Emerson Society Quarterly, no. 6 (First Quarter, 1957), pp. 1-5.

"Emerson's 'New England Capitalist,'" Harvard Library Bulletin, X, no. 2 (Spring, 1956), pp. 245-253. (A poem of Emerson's, dated circa 1843, here printed for the first time with Dr. Strauch's usual thorough commentary. Facsimiles of the MS.)

WARREN, AUSTIN. New England Saints, Ann Arbor, [1956] (Chapter 4 is entitled, "Emerson, Preacher to Himself." This volume will be reviewed in a later issue of E S Q.)

WILLSON, LAWRENCE. "The Gods of New England," The Pacific Spectator, IX, no. 2 (Spring, 1955), pp. 141-153. (Commentary on and background for, Emerson's Divinity School Address.)

WILSON, JOHN B. "Phrenology and the Transcendentalists," American Literature, XXVIII, no. 2 (May, 1956), pp. 220-225. (An important introduction to a subject that captured the interest of the mid-nineteenth century.)

FOR SALE

FIVE COPIES OF A LONG-OUT-OF-PRINT VOLUME

Nature (1836) By Ralph Waldo Emerson

Edited with an introduction, Index-Concordance, and Bibliographical Appendices by Kenneth Walter Cameron, New York (Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints), 1940. $5.50 Postpaid to first applicants. THE THISTLE PRESS, Hartford 1.

BENEDICITE

WORTH REMEMBERING

The following members have generously contributed to our PUBLICATION FUND by remitting more than their membership fee. The Society is deeply grateful.

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ZIMMERMAN, PROF. L. F.

[We hope to list others as the months run on.]

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
SHAKESPEARE

Yankee Doodle

FRANK L. O'REILLY, ESQ, of Somerville, Mass., asks why Thoreauvians have not placed a bench near Thoreau's cairn and why some committee is not responsible for keeping flowers on his grave.

EDW. H. WANNEMACHER. His name was inadvertently omitted from our first published list of charter members. We apologize. As you will see above, he is one of our most loyal backers.

WILLIAM M. CUMMINGS says that he drives a "pop truck" and reads in the Concord Group every evening.

THOMAS WOLFE, in You Can't Go Home Again (Harper's Modern Classics, p. 395), wrote: "'What will you have? quoth God; pay for it, and take it,' said Emerson, in that wonderful essay on 'Compensation' that every American ought to be required by law to read.... Well, that was true. One always paid for it...."

WALTER HARDING calls our attention to the fact that Henry Thoreau used the State House Library on at least one occasion. See Journal, IV, 68 (May 22, 1852). He also browsed in Stacy's Library in Concord. See Journal, V, 41 (March 22, 1853).

THE EDITOR delivered a paper before the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, on Oct. 17, 1956,

on "History and Biography in Emerson's Unpublished Sermons." Offprints may soon be available to our members. The paper outlined the rich research possibilities in this body of manuscripts.

EMERSON'S CHURCH IN BOSTON: On Sunday, May 29, 1831, Samuel J. May delivered an anti-slavery lecture. Arnold Buffum spoke there in favor of emancipation on Dec. 16, 1832.

SALEM LYCEUM: Emerson lectured there for forty successive years.

TEXT FOR A TRANSCENDENTAL SERMON: "There's more in a grapefruit than meets the eye!"

EGBERT S. OLIVER is now a Fulbright lecturer in American Literature in Osmania University, Hyderbad, India. Our group remembers him especially for his illuminating explication of Emerson's "Days."

ROBERT A. McGILL is making a study of Emerson and his audience during the period from 1828 through 1847, or, from the first time he meets his audience in any professional capacity until the moment he embarks for his English lecture tour. "The study focuses upon the inter-relationships of this dynamic association, particularly upon a re-examination of Emerson's development of style and theme from the perspective of his associations with his audience." He would welcome primary source materials. His address: Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.

FOUR UNCOLLECTED THOREAU POEMS——A CORRECTION

By the Editor

Professor Harry R. Warfel has kindly called our attention to the correct reading of one word in the third line of "The Law of Love." "Help" is incorrect. The line should read:

"I will accept no half gift from my friend"

We are more than ever convinced that a definitive text of Thoreau's prose and poetry will depend upon much cooperative effort. The handwriting is often very difficult. And we believe that the publishing of facsimiles will help our long-range goal.

Thank you, Professor Warfel, for your courtesy!

HELEN THOREAU WRITES TO DR. SHATTUCK IN 1838

By the Editor

The following letter appears in the Shattuck Collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society and is edited here with permission.

Concord, Feb. 8.th 1838.

Dear Sir,

I am very sorry to trouble you again so soon, but since my first application, the irruption on my head has increased & is accompanied by an excessive burning in my head ears & face, which is so severe that I cannot approach a fire & am obliged to keep myself uncomfortably cold. I have taken 3. qts. of the decoction you ordered, taking a wine glass full 3 times a day together with 2. drops from the small vial.

Perhaps you will not think any other medicine necessary but my friends thought it the safer way for me to write. Another circumstance also may assist you in judging of my case. Last winter while I was absent from home my sister who was never subject to a humour, was troubled with a complaint similar to mine, & this season it came on again a few weeks before I was seized with it. Hers is evidently the same disease though in a much milder form. Except this burning which is more distressing in the afternoon & evening, my health remains as usual.

With many thanks for your kindness, I remain
Yrs. Respectfully,

Helen L. Thoreau.

Dr. Shattuck.

Envelope:

CONCORD Feb 8 MASS

Dr. George Shattuck.
Boston.
Mass.

THOREAU'S GIFT TO THE M. H. S. IN 1846

By the Editor

On page 351 of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, II (1835-1855), Boston, 1880, under date of July 30, 1846, "The Librarian communicated donations from Messrs. George Heard, J. W. Thornton,... Henry D. Thoreau...." In a manuscript volume marked "Donations (1830-1857), under date of July 14, 1846, one finds recorded: "Ancient deed of land in Taunton——Henry D. Thoreau." A checking through the manuscript catalogue leads me to conclude that the document presented was the following:

Poole, William (of Dorchester)
Deed of land in Taunton, to Increase Robinson. Dated April 29, 1670. 71.56.9

Did Thoreau accompany the gift or did he send it with a covering letter? In other words, was he in Boston on July 14, 1846, or did he write a letter to the Society on or about July 12? Or did he entrust the deed to Emerson, who was a member of the Society? Where, moreover, did he discover the deed? Who suggested that he send it to Boston?

MEMBERS OF THE EMERSON SOCIETY WHO WERE IN CONCORD LAST JULY 14.

Anderson, Mrs. Leslie O.
Barry, Mrs. Charles Arthur
Benz, Otto
Bloomhart, Fred
Brink, William R.
Buck, M. K.
Cameron, Kenneth W.
Cherry, Robert Lee
Cohen, Aaron
Colson, Warren H.
Cushing, Miss Lena
Federman, Mrs. Nathan
Gast, Mrs. P. R.
Harding, Walter
Hockett, Robert C.
Houghton, Mrs. Ethelyn
Irie, Yukio
Kasdin, Simon
Knudson, Miss Marie
Low, Alvah H.
Morrison, Mrs. Helen B.
Sherk, The Rev. Warren
Stone, The Rev. Alfred
Valcourt, Thomas H. de
West, Herbert
Wheeler, Mrs. Caleb
Wolfson, Melvin